

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER V.

A COACH and four horses toiled heavily up the steep road mounting the east side of Slieve Alt. They were nearing the top now, and the postilion, running by the horses' heads, cheered the beasts to their work. Great was the contrast between their steaming flanks, and the calm repose of the finely dressed ecclesiastic who sat within the coach on the right, reclining with hands folded; beside him was another black coat, but the head of its owner was thrust eagerly out of the window. At last the rise ended in a level, the wheels bumped uneasily over a hundred yards of stony rutted road shut in between heather slopes, then turned slightly to the right. The parson with his head out of the window drew it in with an air of satisfaction, as he said: "Dis-mount, I pray, Mr. Dean, for a moment; here is the point I spoke of, and I trust the prospect may compensate for your early rising. Yonder is Douros House."

The driver stopped his horses, the parson bundled out on the left, and leisurely and elegantly Mr. Dean stepped down by his door on the right.

Beneath them the west side of Slieve Alt sloped rapidly down to Douros Water, a thousand feet below. Every creek and corner of the bay between its two great headlands lay

open to the eye; and northwards stretched the Atlantic, its expanse broken only by one strange outlying island that rose like a towered and battlemented fortress from the blue. Immediately below their feet lay a wide tarn, caught in a cup of the mountain side; the road curved round its contour, but at a precipitous height above; far below again, and almost at the sea-level, a lake shone, and from it the Lanan could be traced in its windings shoreward. All the landscape, mountain, lake, sand and sea, sparkled in the fresh radiance of a June morning, for it was not yet long past nine o'clock.

Dean Vigors stepped in front of the horses, and stood on the edge of the road, where the slope fell cliff-wise to the tarn, and he looked across the landscape with the indulgent eye of a connoisseur. The stout red-faced parson, in black a little rusty, and rumpled wig, stood by him awaiting his pronouncement. A glow of positive delight overspread his countenance when the Dean turned to him with sentences of approbation.

"By my word, Mr. Morrison, you are numbered among my benefactors. But for your hospitality and good counsel I should have crossed this mountain in the shades of last night, wearying for my journey's end. I am delighted with the amenity of so savage a prospect. Sure the sun is

a great *friseur*, and can embellish ruggedness better than all the paint and powder of St. James's. And it seems to me that where he has the more to contend with, he makes the greater exertion; is it only my poetic fancy, or is the brilliance more than common?"

"Tis not all fancy, Mr. Dean. In this moist air of ours, when he shines, the world is transfigured like Moses on the mount. And I am glad he joins in a welcome to you, and shines on my young friend's wedding."

"Sir," returned the Dean complacently, "you are most kind, you and the sun, your confederate. And so that is my friend James Nesbit's mansion. I begin the better to understand his fancy of sequestering himself. Ah, poor James! Many is the wild day he and I have had together. Pleasant days to look back upon, Mr. Morrison; but they cost me my advancement, and here am I with an Irish deanery, and little hope of a mitre."

The red-faced parson chuckled. "*Malo paupertatem tuam quam meam opulentiam*," said he.

"Sir, you speak rashly," retorted the Dean, as he brushed a speck of dust from his silk knee-breeches. "Why, sir, the road from Dublin is set like a boulevard with the palaces of your college livings. And here are you, the last of them northward, but, I dare be sworn, not the least. Kilcolumb should bring you a thousand in the year."

Mr. Morrison shook a rueful head. "Should, maybe, Mr. Dean; but, good year and bad year, seven hundred is my living. The people of these parts are very miserable, and I would not press too heavy on them."

The Dean took him up with a touch of asperity. "That is well, sir, leniency is well, but, sir, it behoves a man set in a post to beware of example. Tithes unpaid, and slackly

collected in one parish, make tithes unpaid in the next. My own revenues, sir, are sadly diminished of late years; and the diminution troubles me and hinders me. To-day, when I look upon a country so smiling I envy you your rusticity, and the resolution,—which I can assure you is never far from my mind—of coming into residence at my deanery, grows strong within me. But, sir, the Dean of Gortmore cannot live like a parish clergyman; and with every new report from my tithe-proctor, I feel myself further from that desired haven, that *requies senectae*. You should consider, sir, the effect of your leniency; nothing is more injurious than an inconsiderate virtue."

Mr. Morrison laughed the easy laugh of the uncontentious, yet there was a certain hint of discomfort in it. "Well, well, Mr. Dean," he said, "a man cannot think of everything, and I assure you, if you saw the wretchedness of these poor creatures, you would find it go against you to be asking for a penny. But shall we walk on a little? You are early yet. Mansfield's coach is half an hour behind us. I see a couple of cars on in front, but that will be only Thorpe the lawyer,—trust a lawyer to be first at a feast—and someone else of no account."

The Dean agreed graciously. "And surely," he added, "we can have no great journey before us. I could almost discern the windows of the house."

"A short journey, Mr. Dean, as the crow flies. But you must wind away inland, by yonder lake that you see there, and then to Lanan bridge, where I must part from your company, and from that you shall have well on to two hours' drive, rounding the bay, and passing under Slievemor, yon great mountain that you see, and when you enter the carriage drive you

will still be three miles from the house."

"Indeed, sir, a princely approach. But I am grieved that we must part so soon. At least the feud is not so bitter that James Nesbit will look coldly on a friend who comes from your roof."

The parson uttered his quiet chuckle again. "Truly, sir, if Mr. Nesbit stood on ceremony for that matter, it would be a disturbance of many friendships. There is scarce a guest of his passes Kilcolumb going or coming but looks in at the rectory. Good company is scarce in these parts, Mr. Dean, and however culpable be my indulgence to the country folk, my cellar has not yet been stinted. And, sir, it is by no will of mine that there is a coolness betwixt me and James Nesbit; there was no man in whose conversation I had more pleasure; he maintained in one a somewhat of that scholarly ardour which in this seclusion grows dim."

"Like the eyes of a woman with but one man to tell her she is fair," the Dean interjected.

"It may be, Mr. Dean; these are matters in which I lack experience. But however that be, the plain truth is that James Nesbit can ill put up with opposition from a man of my cloth. He would have us all, sir," he continued with growing heat, "like the parson of his own church, who leaves the table with the pudding."

"I trust," said the Dean, his lip curling, "that James will not sentence me to that regimen. It would be a sad change from the days when we laboured to discover which had the stronger head. It may be, Mr. Morrison, that your feud had the like origin, for James was dangerous in his drink."

Mr. Morrison sighed. "No, sir, it

was not that. If I had a fault to find with James Nesbit's company, it was that he dealt ungenerously with good liquor; he slighted it, sir. No, Mr. Dean; it was over a question of our duties as magistrates that we fell out, and the cause may sound strange to you."

"Ha," said the Dean sharply; "I wager now that James thinks with me on the matter of tithe-collecting. He was not one for over-clemency."

"He has his own way of dealing with the tenants; and so as they are ready to leap into the sea at his bidding, he is not too hard with them for money. But let his will be crossed and he is as vindictive as Satan. Some two years back there was a terrible to-do about a young Sweeney, or McSwiney, who was falling in love with Mary, the girl that you are for marrying to-day; and between ourselves, I doubt she was not badly disposed to him. His father was the lineal representative of the McSwines."

"McSwines!" the Dean repeated. "A sweet name and significant."

The parson reddened a little at the British humour. "MacSuihbne is the Irish of it, and to their ears an euphonious name enough." Then, pointing downwards to the old ruin, he sketched in a few words the history of Carrig and its owners, the Dean listening with a decent toleration. It was not often, he thought to himself, that the good man had such an audience. But presently his patience grew threadbare, and when his companion had traced the line to young Hugh, he broke in: "And so, sir, you interested yourself for this scion of the local nobility,—this euphonious McSwine. I cannot wonder if my friend James was not wholly satisfied."

But the parson, occupied with his tale, did not notice or resent the discourtesy of tone. "Not at all," he

said; "you mistake me, Mr. Dean. The McSwineys were Catholics to a man, and this young fellow was tutored by the priest in my parish, Father O'Donnell (a decent man as ever stepped, and pays his tithes regularly), and it was Father O'Donnell that had him sent to France and fully educated. And nothing would convince James Nesbit but it was this priest that put into the boy's head the thought to set himself on a level with the best, and he was for setting the law on Father O'Donnell, for O'Donnell claims rank here as a bishop among them."

The Dean looked at Mr. Morrison with unfeigned amazement. "And do you tell me, sir, that you harbour in your parish a papistical dog who calls himself a bishop? Are you not acquainted with the Act of his late gracious Majesty respecting all such persons?"

Mr. Morrison put up his hand with a gesture habitual to him, and scratched his roughly-shaven jowl. "Mr. Dean," he said, "you are strange to this country, but you must be aware that many of the penal laws against Papists are lapsed by consent. And for the life of me I could never see the harm in suffering bishops where you suffer priests. The one implies the other. Was there ever a more ridiculous project than to hope that the supply of priests would cease of itself by cutting off the consecrating power?"

The Dean relaxed into a smile. "Truly, sir, it is hard to check procreation, whether spiritual or secular," and he laughed at his own wit. Then, assuming a graver tone, he went on: "Yet, Mr. Morrison, the mere inefficacy of these penal laws is a proof of the need for caution. A man who remains obdurate in his papistry in the face of such inducements as are applied to convert him,

must be an enthusiast, and enthusiasts are a danger to the commonwealth. I fear, sir, that if you and James quarrelled over the need for severity in such a case, I should have sided with him. Let us talk of less contentious matter."

Mr. Morrison's good-humoured face was flushed with anger, but he maintained his civility. "Indeed, Mr. Dean, there is no subject I would quit more willingly. There is not a girl in the country I like so well as Mary Nesbit, and I love the young fellow she is to marry; they will be the chief of my parishioners, and it is sore to think I may not be at the marrying of them. And I give you my word, Mr. Dean, I could have shouted for joy when I learnt that it was your purpose to visit the diocese and to perform the ceremony. If that dirty little toad-eater Mahony had said the blessing over Mary Nesbit, by heavens I would have liked to wring his neck!" And he struck hard on the ground with a great stick that he carried.

His energy moved the Dean to a smile. "Truly, Mr. Morrison, you make me thankful that I have your approbation, else I should tremble as I imprinted my fatherly kiss,—alas, that it should be fatherly!—on your young friend's blooming cheek." He stopped and looked round. "Connubial fancies, who could restrain them on such a day as this? I shall die of envy for this young Maxwell. How the whole earth and sea smiles on him! By my word it grows lovelier each minute! I am extremely sensible of such beauty. You will have noticed, Mr. Morrison," he went on, resuming the air of a connoisseur, "how the composition, as we say, of the picture is completed by that incident of the small vessel in the middle distance. It enhances the significance of the scene, it is full of meaning."



"She was full of claret yesterday or the day before," put in Mr. Morrison, not without a touch of malice. "And now she is full of sheepswool. That is Andy McLoughlin's sloop, as well known on this coast as the King's flag, and better respected."

"Indeed; one of your smugglers, who supplies you, I make no doubt, with the excellent Bordeaux I drank last night? But you destroy the poetry of her voyage for me. As I have watched her spreading her wings to the light air from the west, her canvas hardly drawing, I thought of a bride timorously drifting at first towards the haven of her happiness till the full breeze should come, and then—*vogue la galère!*"

"I watched too," said Mr. Morrison, doggedly insisting on his prose, "and I wondered what was keeping Andy, and why he did not go out on the ebb last night in place of starting now with the flood against him. There must be some reason; Andy does not often lie so long in the one place."

"Perhaps," answered the Dean, "the wind did not serve. Even now he makes little way; but the breeze freshens and he will soon round yonder point. Well, *vogue la galère*, I say. By heaven, if I were Mr. Maxwell, I would take my bride aboard a neat vessel like yon, instead of dragging her in a lumbering coach over this interminable hill. Sir, I hold to my poetry. Those are the sails of love, the barque of Venus. Say no more, but let us step in again, and I will deposit you at the river below here, regretting that I cannot have more of your company, and wishing you sport with the salmon."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE coach of Dean Vigors was not the only one on the road that June morning. Invitations had been issued

to the whole county and upon a considered plan. Those who lived beyond a reasonable day's journey came on the Monday, and were guests for the night; but every man and woman dwelling within twenty miles, who had any claim to rank as quality, breakfasted that Tuesday a short while after sunrise, and took the road family by family. Old Mr. Thorpe, the solicitor from Letterward, had the start, as we have seen, of Dean Vigors, and with him was Martin, agent for the Maxwell property. Behind the Dean's coach toiled the family chariots of Mansfields, Wrays, Irvines and half a dozen others from the Swilly shore. Bartons and Keyeses set out from Fanad in their finery, thanking heaven for a dry day; had they not two ferries of a sea-lough to cross, and three jolting bits of road to drive, before they could take boat from the little bight of bay on Douros itself that lay opposite to the great house? The whole country-side northward from Derry and Strabane knew what was in the wind, and all the Monday and the Tuesday they kept watch to see the coaches passing on their way to the grandest wedding that ever was heard tell of in the country. And all the pretty girls in all the coaches craned their heads out of window, wild with desire for the festivity, wild to watch how Mary Nesbit would behave at her wedding; and not least of all, wild with curiosity to see the beautiful Isabella, to criticise the dresses she had brought back, and to hear the tales she would have to tell (if she condescended to tell them) after her year's triumphal progress from Dublin to the Wells, and from the Wells to London itself, under the chaperonage of her mother's cousin, the distinguished Lady Dungannon.

And while all these curiosities were on the strain to one centre, and

all these coaches were heavily trundling down the long slope of Slieve Alt, or following one another over the rough road from Lanan Bridge along the shore opposite to the Douros demesne, Jack Maxwell was fretting like a hound in leash at the door of Alec Hamilton's house which stood on the great headland that encloses Douros to the west. From his point of vantage he looked south across a creek of the bay to the little fishing-village, with its few sailing-boats moored off the shore, its many currachs lying bottom up like huge black slugs on the sand. He commanded the road that skirts the coast flanking the great northern chain of mountains; but the road was desolate enough, though yesterday a dozen car-loads or coach-loads of guests from the far off west of the county had rolled along it. To-day there was only old Andrew Watt of Ardmanny to come, the solitary neighbour within thirty miles westward of Alec's house on the Head. He too had swathed up his gouty foot in flannel, had been lifted into the chaise, and was now cursing every rut on the road (and ruts were many) with unholy eloquence. But his heavy greys had not yet dawned on Jack's sight; that was the fact which Alec Hamilton, Jack's host and best man, continued to impress upon the impatient bridegroom. There was no pleasanter young fellow in the north of Ireland than Alec Hamilton, but his friends said that when the last trump sounded, Alec would turn leisurely and answer, "Ah, what hurry!" or, it might be, "Time enough."

Jack heard the changes rung on these admirable formulæ many times that morning. He did not succeed in ruffling for a moment Alec's imperturbable good-humour, but his own temper suffered, and again and again

he tramped the gravel before the house. When he first emerged, fuming and impatient, from Alec's interminable breakfast, he too began to note with a kind of mechanical attention the progress of the little sloop which, like Mr. Morrison, he recognised at once for Andy McLoughlin's. She was then midway between the headlands, five or six miles distant. Half an hour later, he had gone in and dressed himself, despite his host's repeated assurance that "he was time enough," and was again on the doorstep. The schooner was now well round the eastern head, running free before the wind. The young man watched her; and as he watched, the thought of Andy's grim face recurred to him, with an uncomfortable remembrance of something hidden in the fellow's furtive eyes. "Surely I wish well to Miss Mary and the man that gets her;" the words came back to him with a curious hint of ambiguity; and, in a flash, they quickened an uneasiness left in him by his last interchange of words with Mary herself.

Crossing the water to Carrig she had been strange and nervous,—she, who was the very spirit of tranquillity. What was the meaning of the phrase she used, when he importuned her once more for an assurance—she also dealing in ambiguities? "Of course I want to marry you, Jack—if the moon does not drop from the sky." He remembered the odd unaccustomed ring in her voice as she said it, and a hard ring too in her reply to his questioning: "Oh, reassure yourself, sir; the moon never falls from the sky."

He remembered his own words in answer: "I would sooner have you, Mary, than the moon and all the stars out of heaven."

That had been his reply, and if she spoke in jest, or as if in jest, he

had spoken with passion. And she had been silent for a moment, before she had made answer, still seemingly in jest, but with a graver tone behind her jesting: "Well then, Jack, once I am married to you, if the moon and all the stars were shining on the grass at my feet, I would not stoop to pick up one of them." Then he had tried to kiss her, but she had slipped off the horse, and left him with a peremptory word.

What had it all meant? He was madly impatient to see her again. Was it only a girl's teasing? It was sharp pain anyhow, and he knew, he felt in him, that if he could get to Douros and see Mary there in the flesh waiting to be his bride, the sight of her would banish this Mary whom his mind created, who played cruelly with his heart. Yet he could not tell his trouble to Alec Hamilton; he was shamefaced over his fears. He could only fret, fume, and lose his temper.

At last along the road came the apparition of the slow-moving greys. It was understood that the guests should be allowed time to arrive before the bridegroom, and Alec had stipulated that old Andrew must pass before they started.

Jack darted into the house, procured a delusive assurance from his host that he was ready, rushed to hurry Alec's hardly less leisurely groom, and came back, in a fury of impatience, to his post on the gravel at the door. Again, mechanically, his eyes travelled to the bay.

The sloop was out of sight.

## CHAPTER VII.

At last the horses were round, Alec was ready, they mounted, and in five minutes were trotting briskly down the street of the fishing-village, past a long line of straggling cabins.

Men in groups, and women in groups, looked at them as they passed, and spoke low to one another. Here and there children raised a cheer, and it seemed to Jack there was a touch of derision in it. But these fisherfolk were a community by themselves, far more independent than the cottagers, and this did not wholly surprise him, though it was unlike their usual friendliness.

Alec Hamilton was surprised, however. "I wonder to see so many of them about. Hi, Dominick," he said, pulling in his horse, as he came up to an old man, whose yellow straw hat in the sunshine made a halo for his handsome face; "are you not for the wedding?"

Dominick took the pipe out of his mouth. "Sure, what call have we to the wedding? We're none of Nesbit's tenants."

"Faith," answered Hamilton, "I didn't think that on a day like this they would be asking who's a tenant and who's not. There'll be big doings and big whiskey drunk," he added in the Irish.

"Good pleasure to them that drink it," answered the old man with a touch of irony; "and good pleasure to the gentleman that's with you, long life to him."

"Come on, Alec," Jack broke in; "we can't wait here all day. I have to dress myself before we sign the settlements, and it's getting late."

"What hurry? Sure there's time enough," said his friend, touching his horse, however. "Well," he went on as they quickened to the trot, "it beats all ever I saw that these lads aren't coming in to the fun. There must be some new quarrel betwixt them and Nesbit; but I heard of none."

Two miles of level road between the brown heathy bog and the grey sandhills brought them to the out-

skirts of the Douros demesne, and the seven-mile wall of masonry with which James Nesbit had surrounded it. They came to the great iron gate of the back avenue, and it stood wide open, but not a soul was at the lodge.

"Isn't that strange now?" said Alec. "They should be here waiting to screech out blessings on you. But I suppose they're all away to the house to see the people arriving. There's old Watt in front of us."

They passed the chaise and its heavy greys, throwing a greeting to the old gentleman, whose "Good day" ended with a snarl of pain and a string of imprecations.

"He'll not dance at any wedding this day," said Alec. "Faith that's an unlucky word now," and, laughing, he spoke the Gaelic formula for averting the ill-luck. Jack laughed too, but the country superstition played on his disquiet; and as they pushed on, signs much more ominous were not wanting.

The western avenue of Douros is terraced along the side of hills. Winding in and out, it creeps through wood, but every half mile or so, at the turning of a corner, comes a bold view of the bay. At each of these points was gathered a group of peasantry, sitting or standing about in the sun, eagerly a-watch for the arrivals. They were perfectly silent as the two riders passed, though some touched their hats in answer to salutations. Jack knew little of their ways, but he noticed that Alec's face grew graver, and they quickened their pace in silence.

The last of these bends made a view-point full north, facing to the open sea. Southward, only a few hundred yards off, could be seen the chimneys of the house and the smoke rising straight and blue, though by the winding woodland avenue it was a long half mile to the door.

Here was assembled a crowd of men and women, young and old, children and babies in arms. Jack and his groomsmen reached the point by a long and steep incline, and they slackened their pace for it. When they emerged from the screen of trees, and, swerving to the right, came suddenly into view of this ragged regiment, Alec put spurs to his horse; but before they passed, an old crone, toothless and unkempt, ran to the front of the sinister mob and broke into voluble utterance. Jack understood not a word, but he understood the accent of triumphant derision. "What did she say?" he cried out, as the trot quickened into a gallop.

"Nothing good," answered Alec grimly. "Let your beast go; the sooner we're there the better."

They swept along under the shade of great beech trees, till, hardly slackening for the turn, they pulled to the left where their track joined the front avenue. For a couple of furlongs they clattered between thick banks of laurel and rhododendron, and then they burst into the lawn. Before them lay the house with the drive passing the north front of it to the great sweep of gravel at the farther end, by the hall-door. And all this was crowded with coaches and with people,—the whole countryside met together in holiday attire; and every soul in the crowd was straining his eyes toward the bridegroom who came so wildly at the gallop over the smooth way.

But as the two young men drew up with a scattering of the gravel, the whole company fell back in silence, leaving them in the centre of a half circle. There was a moment's pause. Jack Maxwell, with every sense preternaturally quickened by the tension of that ominous ride, heard, as if it were the only sound in the universe,

a girl's ill-suppressed titter. In all those faces one only stood out distinct,—the face of Sir Garrett Lambert, a man whom he detested, and it was curled with an ugly smile.

Not for the world's wealth could he have spoken. The sense of impending calamity took its most strangling form. Here was no hint of tragedy; here was rather the note of mockery that had followed him from his start that morning, now rising to its climax. He was the world's scorn, it seemed to him, and the world still with difficulty kept back its laughter till the moment should come to shake all sides.

Something he had to face, but, what was it? And in those endless seconds his thoughts beat backwards and forwards like the wings of a fly in the meshes.

Alec Hamilton had flushed as red as Jack was pale. Leaning back in his saddle, he spoke loudly and roughly to the man nearest him. "Mansfield, what the devil does this mean! Where's Nesbit?"

As he spoke, old George the butler came down the steps, his face discomposed and his eyes red. "Gentlemen," he said, "the master is in his study and bids you come in to him."

Jack dismounted, throwing his bridle on Rory's neck. With a dreadful contraction at his heart, suspense seizing on his very vitals, he followed the old man up the white limestone steps, over the white flagged floor, while Alec strode angrily after them. They passed through the whole length of the broad hall and entered by the door leading from the office where Mr. Nesbit was accustomed to receive his tenants. The library was a long, narrow, book-lined room, midway on the south front between the office and the great drawing-room. As Jack entered, he noted a clergyman, who must plainly be Dean Vigors,

leaning negligently against one of the windows. His face, the face of an elderly man of the world, was touched with a curiosity not without amusement. Here too, then, the world's mocking eye followed him,—here, where he stood to receive sentence. For as he looked at Mr. Nesbit there was no longer room to doubt that a blow had to come.

Mr. Nesbit always refined upon neatness; this day he was exquisite. Dressed in black after his habit, his coat and vest were of silk laced with silver, his small clothes of satin tied with satin strings. The cambric at his breast, the lace ruffles at his sleeves were things of great price. From the silver buckles at his fine instep to the carefully powdered peruke, there was no trace of disorder. He stood there on the rug, erect, tense on his feet as a fencer, while the Dean lounged on his left, and before him halted the young men, hot and soiled with hard riding. Only the veins in the transparent skin of his forehead and temples showed preternaturally blue; his lips were pale, the thin walls of his nostrils quivered, and his eyes were a colourless flame. Not a word did he speak by way of greeting; but looking past them to where old George trembled in the background, with fingers still on the door-handle, he cried, "Close that door." The ring of the words cut the air like a whip-lash. Then, pointing with a quick gesture, he said, "Be seated, gentlemen."

Alec Hamilton flung himself sullenly on a couch. Jack sat down stiffly on a chair, his hand grasping his riding-whip. This imperious anger mastered him, and added to his dazed bewilderment. He could only wait dumbly for the expectation to pass into actual shock.

Mr. Nesbit spoke then, looking him



full in the face, the words coming cold and hard as stones. "Sir, you have to learn that my daughter has disgraced me. She has jilted you, sir, and run away with a Papist."

Here at last was the blow then, full on the heart. It seemed to Jack, as he sat there stunned, his face turning stony and impassive, that he had always known this. It was like a relief to have the assurance; his brain began to act again with terrible rapidity, cleared of its bewilderment. Only, for the instant, there was still the beating in circles, the search for a missing part that would help all to fall into place.

Only for an instant. Alec Hamilton leapt to his feet. "Hugh McSwiney, by God!" he cried. "But how could he come at her? Isn't he in France?"

Now the brain did its work swiftly, ruthlessly: now all the parts fitted remorselessly together. McSwiney's name was the clue, ravelling out the whole tangle. Jack saw by the dreadful flash of self-ridicule a comedy in which he had played the dupe; and now, master of his faculties, he could shape his words. Rising to his feet he spoke with his lips twisted to a smile. "In the disgrace you speak of, sir, I fear I am something of an accomplice."

James Nesbit's eyes blazed. "Sir," he flashed out, staring at the writhen face before him.

But Jack went on, though his lips trembled with anger and his throat was dry: "Oh, sir, spare your reproaches. Nevertheless, when I last parted from you, I believe that I had the honour to convoy your daughter,"—his voice shook—"to her assignation. Oh, by God, I understand now," he cried with a sudden abandonment of irony. "Your daughter, sir, forded the bay on Sunday sitting behind me on my horse. I left her at Carrig Castle,

where I make no doubt her lover waited for her. True, I proposed it; she had thoughts of taking boat, but doubtless the expedient seemed to her mightily diverting." He burst into bitter merriment. "Yes, I laugh myself to think of it."

"Ah, sir," said Dean Vigors coming forward with a graceful gesture, "permit me to condole. The serpent, sir, was more subtle than all the beasts of the field, but woman is more subtle than the serpent. 'Tis a new example of the old truth, and a conspicuous one."

Jack turned on him angrily. "Sir," he said, "I never loved to afford examples." Then facing Mr. Nesbit he cried out, eager to strike, to deal elsewhere the lash that was on him: "Was there never an actor in your family, sir? That lady wastes her talent. She played a part with me fit for the stage; she told me her very design, yet in such a way that I should not understand it. And her lover, no doubt, was the audience and well-pleased with her recital." Then he broke off short. "With your leave, sir, I will take my horse at once and go."

Mr. Nesbit's lips and nostrils quivered with fury as he replied. "Sir, I would have you to know that the girl who has thus disgraced herself is the first to bring discredit on an old name. Or do you impute complicity? Do you suppose that I desired this honest alliance,—with a pauper, a beggarly Irishman who scarce speaks English, a traitor in foreign pay?"

Jack answered him as fiercely. "I impute no such absurdity, sir; but I see no purpose in remaining where my presence can but make me a laughing-stock."

Mastering himself with a visible effort, Mr. Nesbit walked over and laid his hand on the young man's

arm. "Jack," he said, "you have been vilely used. It is the result of too great indulgence to a girl's fancies. But I would have you remember that your hurt is not the only one, nor the deepest, though you are so quick to wince."

The young man disengaged himself, but not roughly. "I ask your pardon, sir; but your case is one for pity; mine for derision." And a fierce spasm of anger distorted his face.

Mr. Nesbit looked at him with studied self-restraint. "As you will, Jack," he replied. "I will not detain you needlessly; but if you think"—and passion began to shake on his voice as he spoke—"that James Nesbit either values sympathy or escapes derision from our friends out yonder, you are much mistaken. I would merely have you to hear what steps I have taken that neither pity nor derision may be due for long to myself or to you."

Jack's eye lit. He leapt with quick solace to the thought of a duel. To kill or be killed,—what mattered it?—either came gladly to his mood. "Where is this McSwiney to be found?" he asked abruptly.

Mr. Nesbit turned to the mantelpiece and lifted a letter. "Oh, for that, we have information—of a kind," he said scornfully. "Take it; it concerns you. There is even a billet for you, if you are in a mind to read it."

Jack opened the letter and drew out first an enclosure in Mary's hand. He looked at it, and made as if to tear it, but stopped. "This should be the epilogue to the comedy, sir; it will be diverting. I shall read it at my leisure,"—and, crumpling it in his hand, he thrust it into his pocket; then with a look that sat ill on his young face turned to the other letter written in a bold script.

SIR [it ran], your daughter escaping from your attempt to force her inclination has put herself in the hands of one who loves her. We were married yesterday by a priest of my church, to which she has conformed. I regret that the hostilities now prevailing give me no choice but to carry her at once to France. Should the war terminate, however, as it is like to do, I shall be ready to give any satisfaction due between gentlemen to yourself or to any person who may conceive himself to be aggrieved. At the headquarters of my regiment in the Hotel Valois a letter or message will always reach me.

HUGH MCSWINEY.

Jack handed the letter back angrily. "This does not help us," he said.

"A politic gentleman, I understand," observed Dean Vigers, with a sneer. "He would fight, would two nations but compose their quarrel."

"How the devil is Hugh McSwiney to meet any of us, sir?" put in Alec Hamilton, brusquely. "He's no coward, but he puts his neck into a noose by landing in this country."

"Ay, sir," retorted Mr. Nesbit, with a swift turn to where Hamilton sat, "and this friend of yours, for whom you answer so readily, may find his neck within the noose before he is a week older. They sailed with that scoundrel McLoughlin at flood this morning, and the vessel is not yet two hours out of the bay."

Jack writhed in a spasm of jealous rage. "I watched her," he said, "while my friend here was finishing his breakfast and putting on his boots. God! if we had but started!"

Mr. Nesbit looked at him with a kind of pleasure in his fury.

"Had you started, there was nothing to do but what I did. I sent a rider to Ross, who lies with his revenue cutter in the Swilly, bidding him take the sloop or sink her, for there was a French spy aboard."

"Sink her!" repeated Jack mechanically.

"Ay, sir," retorted Mr. Nesbit coldly, "sink her, if he cannot take her, and maybe the best way too."

Jack moved uneasily to the window and Alec Hamilton spoke up, drumming on his boot with his riding-whip. His good-humour was strangely perplexed by this chill rage.

"Well, many's the time the revenue men have been after Andy McLoughlin, and I never knew him the worse of it. And, in my mind, if Ross has a notion that Miss Mary is aboard, he'll be as apt as any of us to keep the blind eye towards them."

Mr. Nesbit turned on him savagely. "Sir, if Mr. Ross so far neglects his duty as to let a French spy slip, Mr. Ross, sir, shall be broke for it."

"Perhaps," added Dean Vigors suavely, "Mr. Hamilton would find it well to deal leniently with the other offender, the priest—a prelate, I should say."

"Ay, sir," stormed Mr. Nesbit, "this is what comes of the slackness of yourself and others—that clodhopping parson, Morrison, the worst of them. There was not a couple-beggar in the country who would have dared this but that rascal O'Donnell, and by heaven, sir, he shall swing for it this time. The Act is plain for any priest who marries Protestant to Papist, and if he thinks to save his dirty neck by this form of my daughter's perversion, he shall learn, sir, from the hangman. It was he who first poured his revolutionary poison into this whelp's ears. But for him, this brave Sweeney, or McSwiney, would be a drunken idle farmer to-day, owing me long arrears, as his father was before him. They shall see,—the pair of them. And then, Jack my boy," he said, turning to the young man who stood silent and sullen by the window, "we shall see on which side the laughers are, and who it is needs pity. But

come now, will you run from the laughers with your tail between your legs like a whipped dog? Will you cringe for compassion? Or will you be guided by me? Snap your fingers, and laugh with the best of them."

Alec Hamilton rose. Words did not come very easy to him, and he stood looking awkward and embarrassed. "I think you do the country an injustice, Mr. Nesbit. Not a man of us but will be sorry for Jack here, and sorry that Miss Mary should so far forget herself. There will be talk enough, I dare say, and jilting makes a man look foolish, but it never hurt him yet; and, Jack," said he, turning to his friend, "if you will take my word, you will come home with me now, and not make the business worse than it is already."

Mr. Nesbit listened with a twitch of his upper lip. "You have heard Mr. Hamilton, Jack," he said, "and you have heard me. Will you face the gossips or will you run away from them? For my part, I am going to meet my guests. I have left them too long." As he spoke, he stepped to the door leading to the drawing-room and threw it open. "After you, Mr. Dean," he said.

Dean Vigors turned with a courteous smile to the young men. "Come, gentlemen, shall we proceed, or do we wear the willow? That is right, Mr. Maxwell," and he took Jack's arm. "Mr. Hamilton, you will surely accompany us?"

"I will be damned if I do," said Alec, and he strode out by the other door. Mr. Nesbit watched his departure with a contemptuous smile, and then followed the Dean and Jack.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE drawing-room at Douros was a vast and somewhat solemn apartment, and in its length the dozen or

so of ladies seated in groups made but a small company, for all the magnitude of their hoops and the stiffness of their brocades.

A sudden constrained hush fell on them as the three gentlemen entered. Mr. Nesbit threw a quick glance over the groups; then, advancing to a stout red-faced lady, voluminous on a sofa, he bowed low, offering her his hand. "I am ashamed, my lady, that Mrs. Nesbit and my daughter should so neglect my guests."

Lady Archdale, good-humoured and apathetic, who took precedence in the county by rank but not by distinction of manners or intelligence, answered him volubly, as she took his hand and rose laboriously.

"Indeed, Mr. Nesbit, you must not think now that we are at all put out,—and on such a day as this too."

"You are too indulgent, my lady. But let me lead you out. It seems my friends think that there is a plague in this house and they stay out of doors. I have a thing to say to them."

Daintily he stepped along leading the rustling dowager. But a red flush had come to the keen face of Mrs. Wray, mistress of Castle Shanaghan, and the real leader of the county's ladies. She had loved Fanny Lisle as a girl, and in these two and twenty years had never forgiven the violence perpetrated on her; though she had for friendship's sake condoned Mrs. Nesbit's submissive acquiescence in the marriage that was enforced by outrage. There was menace in the sweep of her skirts as she followed with the other dowagers, Dean Vigors, his arm still linked in Jack's, bringing up the rear.

As Mr. Nesbit led Lady Archdale, her red face smiling but flustered, on to the broad steps, the company who were crowding about the door fell back, and the same hush of constraint

came on them. Then Mr. Nesbit spoke in his short quick utterance.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you are cheated of your wedding, there is still the wedding-breakfast. The best thing we can do is to come in and eat it. Jack Maxwell here," he added, pointing to the young man who stood sullenly in the background, "joins in my invitation."

There was a moment's silence, and then a confused murmur began. Lady Archdale still smiled vacantly; but Mrs. Wray, pushing to the front with an angry face, spoke up. "I thank you for your hospitality, Mr. Nesbit, but I fear to incommode you, and I will bid you good-day."

"All preparation is made, madam," Nesbit broke in impatiently.

"Sir," she answered, purposely raising her voice, "I come from Mrs. Nesbit's bedside, and she is in no condition to entertain company. Mr. Wray will stay if he thinks fit, but my daughters and I will thank you, sir, to have our coach called."

The lines on James Nesbit's face deepened and his eyes lit angrily. "Madam, you shall choose for yourself; and I doubt not," he added with meaning, "but Mr. Wray will be guided by you." All the country-side knew that Tom Wray was ruled by his wife. "But I repeat to you," he continued, "that Mrs. Nesbit and her daughter are ready and willing to show proper attention to their guests, and to doubt it is to put an affront upon me."

James Nesbit's word was law in his own province. But across the mountain in the more populous districts, where the county families lay in groups near the small towns, Mrs. Wray was not one to be disregarded; and in a moment Mr. Nesbit was beset with ladies proffering excuses for making their adieux. Angrily he turned to Lady Archdale; but she too

blurted out confused words. "Surely now, Mr. Nesbit, Mrs. Wray is in the right. Don't let us be incommoding Mrs. Nesbit. But why wouldn't the gentlemen stay for a bottle?"

Mr. Nesbit saw himself worsted. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "the ladies forsake us. What say you?"

There was an instant's hesitation, then Sir Garrett Lambert spoke. "Why, sir, if the ladies run away, they do but follow a bad example. And I think myself bound to stay and cheer you and Mr. Maxwell under this new affliction."

Jack's face flushed red, where he stood in the background. The taunt was unmistakable, yet so veiled as to offer no occasion for resentment. But he had chosen his part and he was bound to go through with it, his mind all the time remorselessly at work, chewing the bitter cud of a young man's resentment. Fooled, he had been fooled in the face of the world. Phrases from books, that indeed made up the most of his knowledge of life, kept hammering at his brain. A day before he was ready to give them confidently the lie in full assurance, based on his experience; and Mary stood for the sum total of that experience. But now, all the fancies that he had built up about her were shattered, devastated, by one lightning stroke of cruel mockery; and with them lay in ruins all the doctrines that harmonised with those fancies. The other philosophy, then, the philosophy of men like Garrett Lambert,—all that he had dismissed as braggart cynicism now stood justified. He had trusted a woman, he had been gentle with her, subservient to her least wishes, and she had fooled him. He caught himself setting his teeth with lips drawn back in a snarl.

The thought of her letter in his pocket haunted him; he was eager for more pain, for fresh occasion of

wrath. In it no doubt she would openly deride him; she would drop the mask and flout him. Mechanically he thrust his hand into his pocket to feel for the billet; as he did so, his fingers met something wrapped in tissue. The ring! It was a new taunt, a fresh blow in his face. Slipping through the crowd that was making adieux to Mr. Nesbit at the door, he stepped on to the gravel; then, with a quick gesture jerked the symbol of his disgrace far away to where the bracken grew thickest. Then, fearing observation, he turned back to the house.

The stream of departures was long. Sir Garrett's example was not one that carried weight. A new-comer in the county, he owed his position to one of the laws which disgraced that age, laws so revolting that even those who would have voted against their repeal were loath to see them put in operation. Sir Garrett came of an old Catholic stock, the younger of two sons; and by the simple process of changing his religion he had reduced his father to a life-tenure of the estates and had ousted his elder brother from the succession and the title. His personal character might be well inferred from this proceeding, and he had a name for gross debauchery. The declaration of his purpose influenced many in a contrary sense, and most of the more decent and considerate sort among the gentry took their leave. Few elected to stay but professional topers who would deny themselves no occasion for a carouse; drunken young squires who on another day would never have the chance to set foot in the Douros house, but whom to-day James Nesbit welcomed; with these, the little parson Mahony and a group of other dependants who feared to cross their fierce master.

Towards the end of the throng who



came to take their leave was a little man plainly dressed in brown.

"What, Martin," said Mr. Nesbit, "you cannot be so pressed for time? Your office does not expect you this day."

"With your permission, Mr. Nesbit, I must get on the road at once."

"But, sir, I will give you no such permission. Come, Martin, I will take it unfriendly of you if you who are Mr. Maxwell's man of affairs do not see us through with this. And besides, there are matters of business that I would wish to talk over with you to-morrow."

The little lawyer drew himself stiffly up. Mr. Nesbit and he had stepped aside a little as they talked.

"Sir, there is nothing on hand that I should see you through with but an entertainment from which in my judgment Mr. Maxwell would be better absent."

Mr. Nesbit raised his eyebrows in polite scorn. "Indeed, Martin. And why, pray?"

"Because, sir, the failure of this marriage entirely alters the relations between Mr. Maxwell and yourself. Mr. Maxwell is a young man and has no sense of the value of money. And I, believing that the marriage with Miss Nesbit was to be desired for him—"

"You are vastly kind, Martin," interrupted Mr. Nesbit with the same polite irony.

The little lawyer took no heed of it. "Believing that, sir," he continued, "I advised him that matters pending between the estates might be

allowed to remain as they were, since the only conclusion to which they could be pushed must be extremely disagreeable to you." Mr. Nesbit's face grew black as thunder, but he listened in silence while Martin, casting a glance at him, continued. "I shall now be obliged to press upon Mr. Maxwell the necessity of taking steps to secure himself against loss in respect of the mortgages which he holds upon your property, and in view of that I am unwilling to accept of your hospitality."

By this time a smile of curious and baffling suggestion had replaced the look of resentment on the other man's countenance. "A very proper attitude, Martin," he rejoined, but always with the same undertone of irony. "So it is to be war between us. Well, we must dispense with your company and hope for peace at some day not too distant."

The lawyer bowed ceremoniously and took his leave. But as he walked past the house along the drive on his way to the stable, he hesitated, stopped for a moment, and scratched his wig.

"I wish I knew I had done right," he muttered to himself. "I made sure James Nesbit would have flown out on me; but when he grew so civil, it looked as if he had some card up his sleeve." He turned as if to go back, but stopped again. "No, I can't do that; he would put me to the door. I must leave the boy to shift for himself, poor young fellow. He has had a sore knock, by the look of him."

(To be continued.)

# THE PASSING OF THE MAISON DORÉE. (1771—1902.)

For many years the corner table at the Maison Dorée, beside the first-floor window looking on the Boulevard, was kept for Nestor Roqueplan, man of letters, director of the Paris Opera and joyous liver, who had invented the word *Parisine* to designate the mental drug intoxicating those who breathe too long the air of Paris. There was a Maison Dorée in New York and another in San Francisco, and others doubtless in Australia and further afield, familiarising new worlds with the name of the Paris restaurant which first bore it. But the Paris institution was unique, like the Boulevard in the centre of which it stood, Parisian of a Paris exclusive as a provincial town, yet drawing to itself from all lands the curious, the uneasy, and those who hungered and thirsted after an ideal of pleasure.

As with the Café Riche, its old rival a square away, the building and the faded magnificence of the gilded balconies which gave the Maison Dorée its name may be replaced by some American Insurance Company invading Europe with ultra-modern architecture; and some new restaurant, resembling all the other expensive feeding-places of humankind in civilised cities, may revive the name. But the old spirit can never reappear, because the men and women capable of inhaling *Parisine* will not be there. They have passed with the Paris Boulevard, as the world first learned to know it; from beginning to end its evolution of life might have been watched from the windows of the Maison Dorée.

The site of the famous restaurant

is associated with the birth-throe of modern France. Here, in 1771, a new street was opened at right angles with the Boulevard. Louis the Fifteenth was still alive and the street was named Rue d'Artois, from his third grandson, the Comte d'Artois, who was to be King as Charles the Tenth (more than fifty years later, after his brothers Louis the Sixteenth and Louis the Eighteenth), in a Paris which had issued modern from the Revolution.

A simple two-storied house was built on this corner, preceding the succession of world-renowned restaurants of the next century. The ex-Jesuit Cerutti came to live here; he had written a brilliant defence of his order ten years before, when Choiseul, the minister of Louis the Fifteenth, suppressed it; but he was now an exponent of the advanced political ideas which preceded the outburst of the great Revolution. He was a close friend of Mirabeau and he is credibly supposed to have had a share in writing the speeches of that "tribune of the people." The Comte d'Artois shook the dust of France from his royal feet and crossed the frontier into Italy three days after the taking of the Bastille; the Italian Cerutti became a member of the National Convention of revolutionary France.

In this house good dinners were already the rule, and the political leaders of the day, headed by Mirabeau and Talleyrand, were often seen there. With the three friends is associated a legend of tragic feasting, which has not crept into sober history. In the

spring of 1791 Italy had been converted to the new order of things, and it was resolved to celebrate the event by a more sumptuous dinner than the ex-Jesuit's kitchen could supply. Recourse was had to a restaurant destined to historic renown, but one that has long since disappeared—the Trois Frères Provençaux of the Palais Royal. This expensive eating-place was then in vogue of novelty; Napoleon, who was only a poor lieutenant in the provinces, would have been too poor to frequent it, but Barras who was to marry him off to Josephine knew the place well. On this day, when Revolution was yet young, Mirabeau and Cerutti ordered the Provençal and Italian dishes which their souls loved, while Talleyrand contributed his favourite white wine of Cassis, sweet, aromatic, strong, and well-iced. When the meal was over, all three were troubled in their movements and emotions. Mirabeau had not taken three steps before he fell senseless into the arms of Cerutti. He was hastily brought to his apartment, which was near his friend's—in the Chaussée d'Antin just off the Boulevard, where tourists now go to look at the tablet in the street front. Mirabeau left the house only once more, to wind up a debate in the National Assembly. He fainted before speaking, but was brought to by a couple of glasses of old Tokay and won his cause. He died a few days later (April 21st, 1791) and with him practically perished the historic French Monarchy.

Upwards of two hundred thousand persons escorted the remains of Mirabeau to the Pantheon, which for the occasion was changed by the National Assembly from a church into the burying-place of the illustrious sons of the newly organised country. Cerutti, with reminiscences of his old profession, spoke ornately

at the funeral ceremony. He did not live to see the cutting off of the King's head nearly two years later. A grateful nation gave his name to the street where he had lived and Rue Cerutti it remained until the restoration of the Bourbons, after Waterloo, brought back the name of Rue d'Artois.

The Boulevard now became lined with fashionable restaurants and cafés, where the officers of the Empire, decorated with swordcuts and gold-lace, made their appearance between battles. Talleyrand, who spread his wiles through haunts of peace under all régimes, still frequented the old corner. In Cerutti's house a certain Hardi opened a restaurant; and at the other corner of the same block of buildings along the Boulevard was Tortoni's, where the diplomatic veteran could exercise his suppleness of mind over Neapolitan ices while watching the billiard play of Spolar, the champion of the day. Since 1893 Tortoni's has been a shoe shop—sad presage for the Maison Dorée.

Hardi had no common ideas concerning his restaurant. In the largest room he built a marble chimney of generous dimensions. There, from ten in the morning until three in the afternoon, a huge Silver Grill (predecessor of names also found the world over) was kept on the live coals. Close at hand was the great buffet, with its array of meats, from which the client chose his own lunch. Hardi himself took the chosen piece with a long silver fork and prepared it before the eyes of the man—an elaborate preparation which was sure to make him hungry.

Hardi began, in this café which bore his name, that tradition which has remained attached to its successor, the Maison Dorée, until the end. This was expressed in energetic language by the latest proprietor: "I

make you pay dear so that you may not have a rabble around you!" It was summed up in an epigram when the neighbouring *Cafés Riche* and *Hardi* were new, with a pun as translatable as it is obvious: "You must be hardy to dine at Riche's and rich to eat at *Hardi's*!" A similar policy was common to all the restaurants of Paris renowned until the advent of democracy. Of the Boulevard *Café de Paris*, which was opened later in the house of the Russian Prince Demidoff (situate at the corner below Tortoni's and not to be confounded with its late nineteenth-century namesake in the then non-existent Avenue de l'Opéra), Alfred de Musset said plaintively—"The door squeaks for twenty francs!" Across the Boulevard the proprietor of the *Café Anglais* laid down the principle: "A man must be very rich to say that he is a daily customer of my house!"

The strenuous life and the hazard of new fortunes among Napoleon's officers and courtiers had not been favourable to the old distinction of manners, when money counted less than breeding. Moreover, political intrigues existed everywhere, as Talleyrand knew well without opening too wide his gimlet eyes. In this respect the *Café Hardi* came off better than Tortoni's, where the head waiter had already won renown that was little less than tragic. This was Prévost, a man with carefully powdered hair and so obsequious that he asked the customer's orders with courtly apology far removed from the present universal "*Monsieur désire?*":—"Pardon, has Monsieur had the goodness to desire something?" When guests laughed among themselves, Prévost showed his sympathy and his manners at the same time by stuffing his napkin into his mouth. He invariably gave change according to a system of his own, returning

fifteen *sous* for twenty as he murmured abstractedly, "Pardon, a thousand pardons!" But in this he was only the aristocratic antetype of the present Republican *garçon de café*, who holds back decimal fractions of change from unsophisticated tourists.

One day a secretary of Napoleon's terrible Minister of Police called for Tortoni in person. Some one at the little tables had dared to criticise aloud the acts of the Imperial government. The spies, whom Fouché found to do his work in all classes of society, had heard the seditious words; but they were unable to identify the speaker. Tortoni was summoned to deliver him up or to see his *Café Glacier* closed on the spot. It was a critical moment, the more so as Tortoni had not the slightest idea who was the person wanted. In his despair he called on Prévost, who was equally wise. But the latter, with his wonted fertility of resource and lack of scruple, soon decided on the course to pursue. For a long time a certain customer had been in his way, objecting perhaps to the price of his politeness. Each day he came at noon, sat down at one of the tables and read the papers until evening, drinking only water and speaking to no one. Evidently he must be the guilty man and Prévost denounced him to the police. The ill-favoured customer was dragged away and Tortoni's knew him no more. Doctor Véron, who had personal remembrance of all the glories of the First Empire and who had his table spread at the *Maison Dorée* until the Second Empire fifty years later, leaves the head waiter at Tortoni's to the poetic justice of his fate: "Prévost finished badly!"

Thackeray notes that, after Waterloo and the return of the Bourbons, all Englishmen who had time and leisure came to Paris. One of them,

who was named Smith, settled down for a couple of years next door to the Café Hardi, into which he made his entrance every day at six o'clock in the evening just after getting out of bed. He always took the same seat within sight of the marble chimney, and always ate his dinner steadily until ten o'clock. Then the food was cleared away, but not the drink. At midnight a pickled herring was served up to him; and he continued drinking until break of day, leaving behind him a dozen empty bottles of the Bordeaux wine in which alone he indulged.

The almost religious devotion of the English travellers of that generation to the red wines of France soon became a matter of legend. It was a reaction from the hatred of the Englishman who drank his four bottles of Port nightly for what he called claret—"a thin drink which would be Port if it could and blushes not to find itself so." The story is still told of the rich English couple, husband and wife, who spent the years following the downfall of Napoleon in trips from Paris through the provinces, going from one wine-district to another and regulating the length of their stay in each by their liking for the local vintage.

With the restoration of the Bourbons the Rue Cerutti had taken again its first name of Rue d'Artois. But Charles the Tenth, its godfather, disappeared in the short and quick Revolution of 1830, having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing through all Revolutions; and his street again changed its name. The famous banker Laffitte, to whose influence the new King Louis Philippe largely owed his accession, had his house at the street's end; and his name the street bears until this day—Rue Laffitte. Bank and banker long since vanished in their turn; but the Rothschilds, who

had founded their French house close at hand in a noble mansion of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, still occupy three numbers (19, 21, 23) a little higher up than the Maison Dorée.

The new restaurant was built in 1839, on the site of the old Cerutti house and the Café Hardi. It was vastly splendid for the time and its four stories, with carvings and gilded ironwork frayed with age, still have a distinction of their own. Two Verdier brothers had it from the beginning. Ernest, known in Boulevard history as "le Père Verdier," lived on until 1886. For nearly half a century he had seen all that made the light and wit of Paris, its fashion, art, and letters, sparkle at his tables like his own champagne. The new restaurant opened just as the Boulevard was profiting by a displacement of the centre of the civilised world's pleasure. Louis Philippe posed as a *bourgeois* king and drove through the streets of Paris in a hired cab. At midnight of the last day of the year 1836, his Government closed the hundred and twenty gambling houses of the Palais Royal and the calm of death settled finally over those Babylonian gardens. The suppression could only result in a removal of the pleasures of high life, and it was the short space technically known as the Boulevard des Italiens that most profited by it.

The Maison Dorée was not a café wherein the members of cliques and circles of every kind might meet as in a club; but it was a fashionable restaurant surrounded on every side by such gatherings and sure to find its customers for luncheons and dinners and late suppers among those who had money to pay or sufficient credit. The Opéra was in the next street; and a now forgotten café close at hand, the Divan Le Peletier, was the



meeting-place of the most brilliant set of French men of letters since the Café Procope on the other side of the Seine brought together Voltaire and Diderot and their set of followers of the *ENCYCLOPÉDIE*. Here were Alfred de Musset and Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier and the two most intimate friends of Balzac, Gozlan and Laurent-Jan—Balzac himself being too proud and too busy in creating a new world to mix with those of his kind who might claim to be his equals. Here too were the artists—the “great Masters” of the day—Jules Dupré and Couture, and Gavarni making caricatures of the life around him.

Dr. Véron, after directing the Opéra, had taken the *CONSTITUTIONNEL*, then the leading Liberal journal, into his hands. From his hospitable table at the Maison Dorée, he found for its columns in the circumambient literature works which are still famous, bearing such names as Georges Sand, Balzac and Lamartine, and Alexandre Dumas, who a little later was to be at home in rooms above the famous restaurant. Meanwhile, in spite of the *bourgeois* Government, the life of pleasure mounted ever higher and all who had money to spend flocked together in Paris not only from Europe but even from America, Egypt and Asia.

With the coming of Napoleon the Third an immense “*Ouf!*” of relief went up and Paris became in good earnest the pleasure-house of the world.

One night Nestor Roqueplan was seated at his table in the Maison Dorée with his most frequent companions, the two international bankers, Fould and Salamanca, and a Frenchman, fit comrade for the three. Cora Pearl and others of her conspicuous class were of the party. She was the daughter of the Irish-American

composer of the soul-haunting song KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN; her own life was that of the lost souls of the Second Empire, brilliant and smiling without, but uncertain at heart and wasting away in misery at the end. It was she who led the fashions from her half-world, just as the Empress Eugénie and Princess Metternich did from their *grand monde*.

“I have wit enough for Paris to give me twenty-five thousand francs a year,” said Roqueplan vauntingly.

The sum would be moderate to-day, but it put the Spaniard Salamanca on his mettle; he was then chiefly occupied in spending his colossal fortune. Salamanca began staining the costly dresses of the ladies for a price—twenty-five napoleons for a spot of champagne, fifty for butter, one hundred for crushed strawberry. The outrageously bad taste of all this was not enough for his muddled brain. He called for Père Verdier and demanded—“What will it cost me if I burn up your whole box?”

“Two or three million francs,” was the careless answer.

The Spaniard at once applied a lighted candle to the curtains; the waiters were just in time to prevent a serious conflagration. Salamanca, with an air of offence, walked, as stiffly and pompously as he could in his condition, down the stairs and across the street to that other monument of a day that is past, the *Café Anglais*.

Not so fortunate in his descent was the Emperor's cousin, William, eleventh Duke of Hamilton. People still stop to look at the staircase down which he tumbled in the grey of the summer morning after a night in the *cabinets particuliers* of the Maison Dorée. He was picked up and carried to his hotel in the only vehicle available at that hour, a dustman's cart, and there he died a few

days after from concussion of the brain. The first physician to reach him had been hastily summoned from the gaming-rooms of the upper floor—one of the four licensed places with which Napoleon the Third tried to solve a peculiarly Parisian problem. Gambling went on freely in the private rooms of the restaurant itself. The Verdier brothers, proprietors as they were, came to play with their paying guests. The Duc de Gramont-Caderousse, at sight of a signal from the windows, would run over from the Café Anglais, of whose sumptuous life he was the soul. In the year 1902 his heirs have prayed the Courts to be relieved finally from a financial burden which was imposed on the Duke for the now extinct family of a man whom he had killed in a duel after one of these classical nights.

The *bourgeois de Paris*, the money-making middle classes, had not yet taken possession of the Boulevard and so dulled that Puritan conscience which is an essential of their respectability, while lowering the high art of pleasure to their own commonplace of mediocrity and boredom. Under the Second Empire—the true Olympian period—the sprightly wit of Charles Monselet was not far out in representing the average substantial Parisian pointing to the Maison Dorée as the scene of diabolical orgies when he passed with wife and daughter along the Boulevard by night, while the women crossed themselves as they gazed in horrified curiosity at the light filtering through the windows.

On voit les pères de famille  
Passant, après le jour fini,  
En se signant, dire à leur fille ;  
"La Maison d'Or et Tortoni !"

But there are other memories than those of eating and drinking and gambling and debauch attaching to

the famous restaurant. In the rooms above a rich count indulged his expensive fancy in a satirical paper appearing on varying days of the week—a roundabout way of exercising the freedom of speech which the brand-new Imperial Government repressed quite as much as it encouraged the freedom of good living and the fast life. Alert, keen, vicious personal gossip, dished up recognisably in the midst of Boulevard witticisms, was contributed by such men as Henry Mürger, the Goncourt brothers, Monselet, Banville, Baudelaire, and Aurélien Scholl, who was here paid for the first time for his writings. All these are names of classic *boulevardiers* of the heroic times. When the Count's money had been spent, his paper came to an end and its place was promptly taken by Alexandre Dumas the elder with a four-page sheet of his own entitled *LE MOUSQUETAIRE*. Dumas frequently wrote the entire number himself, but he liked to be surrounded by young men whose noise and unbridled wit stimulated his own overflowing vitality.

Philippe Audebrand, who wrote his first book of anecdotes in 1851 and was still living in 1902 to retail new memories, has given a long account of Alexandre Dumas at the Maison d'Or; but this does not directly concern the restaurant except in so far as it shows what was the generation existing in the days of its glory. The youngest of the blades who contributed to the gaiety of the nations by inspiring the world-force Dumas was Henri Rochefort, who still retained enough of his descent from the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay to sign "Henri de Luçay." There he began his duels with tongue and sword, which have lasted through his revolutionary Communism down to his undying opposition to the prosaic Third Republic.

Alexandre Dumas was no mean

cook, in addition to his other talents; but it was not in the Maison Dorée that his chief culinary triumphs were perpetrated. They were reserved for the kitchen of his friend Bignon at the Café Riche, where Rossini, another man naturally born a genius at cookery and spoiled by high art, made up the precious trio. The *tourne-dos Rossini* remains the perennial monument of the versatility of their genius, to which nothing human—not even beefsteaks in the higher art—was alien. With the downfall of the Empire and the absence of a Court and, still more, with the intrusion of democracy under the new Republic, the great days of the Maison Dorée came to an end, along with the dying out of the Boulevard Olympian spirit. There were no longer Prince Narishkins to order dinner by telegraph from St. Petersburg at five hundred francs a head. If there were, there was no longer any reason of wit or worldly life why they should order dinner here. Anyone might eat at these expensive restaurants, which is as much as to say that no one in particular ate there. There were still old wines and priceless *eau-de-vie* in the cellars; but the new owners of the Café Riche sold Bignon's wines at auction—any dealer can supply the needs of the new generation, trained

without distinction of life or palate and mistaking the lavishness of new fortunes for refinement of feasting.

The Maison Dorée has held out the longest. Casimir, a true Verdier *chef*, did not yield to democracy nor has he given up *primeurs* for preserved vegetables. For a time leaders of the Royalist press met here, led by Robert Mitchell who has kept up the fight against thirty years of the Republic. But the character of the place has departed, as the Parisian life which once animated it has dwindled. To the end of the century Aurélien Scholl clung to his corner table and reverentially pointed out where Roqueplan sat to young men opening wide eyes at the names of celebrities unknown to them. The Olympians of the Boulevard are for ever gone; at least they united their good living with emotions and the most earthy of them respected wit and scholarship. The author of *THE NEW REPUBLIC* quotes a poet of the Latin decadence as authority that, when Nature wishes to perpetrate a joke, she creates a *nouveau riche*; the new French Republic has verified the saying; and the Maison Dorée, as it was in its century of renown, like the one and only Boulevard has died of the humour.

STODDARD DEWEY.

## AN EDUCATIONAL INSTANCE.

"A NEW era of well-being for all classes, my love," said the Reverend S. Aidan Dovecote as he folded his morning paper, "of temperance, industry, and material progress. I might even say, in the words of the poet, 'Of moral strength and intellectual power.'" Here his old optimistic beam returned (it was never long extinguished), and he viewed the near future through the perspective of roseate complacency.

"Ye-e-s," assented his pretty wife, with that tincture of doubt so chilling to the sanguine soul that detects its presence. "Perhaps it is."

"My love, you are always unconvinced, and, I must say, unreasonably pessimistic."

"Well you know, dear, that the more they are educated the worse they grow, I mean for housework." And she looked at the dusty fireplace and sighed.

"Impossible, my love, impossible!" exclaimed her husband in his breeziest tone. "Perhaps at first it may affect their merely bodily powers, but mental training *will* triumph in the end. I have always said so. A people, a national organism, must inevitably perform its economic functions, even to the doing of grates and doorsteps, all the better for education. That is the thesis I will ever uphold; I will nail it indeed to the doors of Parliament if necessary—temperance and education."

The Rector of Brunton-cum-Wattlesfield upheld his faith in the twin Graces referred to by nailing his back to the mantelpiece and surveying the pleasant room and the prospect

without. If, however, a faint shadow crossed his healthful face it was because the local Gas Company had had the bad taste to erect their gasometer in a line with his breakfast-room windows. Also the sight of its gamboge-coloured mass reminded him that the rival concern, the Brunton Electric Works, had marred the outlook from his library by their new chimney, a gaunt shaft of extreme height which had turned out to be his pet aversion, a confirmed smoker. Hitherto his studies in sociology, particularly of "that magnificent basic material of State, miscalled the lower classes," had been unconsciously influenced by the fact that their workplaces had not before obstructed his view of the natural world. But this last infringement was clearly their masters' doing, not theirs.

The discussion we have recorded arose from the expected coming of a new housemaid, Estelle Bodkin, a country girl whose character, derived last from Lady Gwentham, of Gwentham Hall, was in that old-fashioned dame's opinion seriously injured by the too high tone of her education, received at the Board School of her native place. "She has refined feelings and quotes poetry, but can't sew," said her ladyship with fine contempt.

"And I," said the Rector's wife to her husband, "don't like her name,—Estelle!"

"Class prejudice, my love," answered her buoyant spouse; "why should we appropriate all the pretty names? And she will be none the worse for her familiarity with the

Muse. No: I foresee infinite things in the new educational (and temperance) *régime*; not perhaps an era of absolute social equality, but a near approximation to the ideal state,—a real equality biassed only by incidental vocation. One, for example, has to make laws, another makes roads; one has to preach, another produces poultry; one commands an army, another cooks. And with a poetical temperament her own case suggests untold possibilities for romance."

"Ye-es, I'm afraid so," said his wife, thoughtfully.

Two days later the new housemaid presented herself in the Rectory sewing-room, "a burst of effulgent colour," as a departing guest with the writing habit told her friends. This, however, was too strong a statement. As she stood before the benevolent Rector's wife, in an attitude of superiority faintly tempered by respect, it would have been hard to say which of the two was the more ladylike in appearance. The girl had chosen her hat, jacket, skirt, gloves, and parasol with a single eye to æsthetic effect, and had hit the mark where many fail. Coming from a healthy part of the country, some signs of the milkmaid should have lingered in her face or figure, but she was slight with a pale though pretty complexion. This might have arisen from a diet of what are compendiously called "tinned goods" and tea, for she was already inured to digestive discords that would have sent one of her robust progenitors into fits.

"You don't mind work?" questioned the Rector's wife dubiously. The idea of this harmonious vision dusting rooms and making beds offered difficulties.

"No, Ma'm, not in moderation," answered the girl, somewhat stolidly.

"But you don't look strong?" She

had been supporting herself by the back of a chair, having refused a seat. Now, however, she seized her ornamented waist-band with both hands as if in distress, whereupon she was compelled to sit down.

"It's only 'art-burn, Ma'm," the sufferer explained, seeming to regard it as a mark of gentility, as some people still regard the gout. Then, on tea being offered her, she desired it strong, and engulfed it with shaking fingers.

"You read poetry, I hear?" was the gentle lady's next question.

"Yessum," replied the girl, now flushed and excited by the tea. "I prefer Tennyson as a rule, but I like Longfellow also, especially 'is VILLAGE BLACKSMITH. We 'ad a forge in our village, an' it always reminded me of 'im. But I object to the poems of Lord Byron, which I 'ear is very immoral; an' I'm not quite up to Browning yet, though I 'ope to be soon. Miss Marigold, our teacher, said I 'ad an unusual taste for poetry, and I write it a little myself."

Having promised that her commerce with the Muse would not impair her domestic duties she was engaged, though not before her theological scruples had been laid by the assurance that the Rector's views were broad rather than narrowly evangelical. She also expressed satisfaction that the house was conducted on total-abstinence lines, except on occasions of special festivity or illness.

She came at once; but an exhaustive ignorance of manual arts, explained by her too long dalliance with school studies, and joined to a constitutional incapacity for learning anything whatever, would soon have procured her dismissal from a less hopeful household. As it was, however, the Rector's ingrained optimism, and his wife's resources of patience



and endurance,—together, be it frankly said, with the difficulty of getting anyone in her place—retained her imperfect services. But the price was a heavy one; it was levied in breakages (chiefly of their more treasured and expensive china), in blunders frequent and costly, in manifold incapacities for simple duties, and in the nerve-strain due to the reaction of her over-delicate organisation upon their harder but still vulnerable systems. Perhaps the lady was the only sufferer from the last named irritant, her husband being a thick-skinned though amiable person. Poetry and indigestion, singly or combined, accounted for much. The former the girl kept at full strength by reading her precious volumes at night; the latter seemed to subsist without visible cause.

"Aidan, dear," said his wife at the end of six months, "don't you think we'd better change? Half the time she's crying over the griefs of imaginary people in books, and she'll never be good for anything in the house."

"Certainly not, my love," answered the sociologist blandly. "You don't understand her value to the student; she marks a stage in our modern social development as affected by the great principles of temperance and education."

"A very useless stage at present," said his wife with mild conviction.

"Possibly, my love; but most intermediate stages are useless in themselves, or seem to be so. She presents, however, an instructive combination of humble and exalted qualities, if I may so style them, which are invaluable to me in my controversy with our good neighbour, Colonel Pocklington. A typical representative of the old social idea, though a liberal landlord and parishioner, his prejudices are too strong to be moved by anything short of visible proofs; and I

grieve to say his dislike to popular education is all but invincible. Indeed, his opposition, at our last parish meeting, to my plan for introducing the study of French and biological science in our schools, was of an unreasonable and almost violent nature."

"Then I'm afraid Estelle won't convince him," said the lady, who knew something of the gallant Colonel's mind.

"I am not so sure, my love. In fact, when he last called, and I pointed out her refined appearance, and showed him her recent little poems, *LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM* and *THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE*, he was forced to admit that she represented some advance on her bucolic ancestors, and that sensibility, gentility even, might be cultivated in what grosser minds still call the lower orders."

What the Roman-nosed Indian veteran had really said was: "You may think, Dovecote, that she's an improvement on the old red-cheeked Susans and Sallys, who could milk a dozen cows at a sittin', but I call her a d—d anæmic hybrid, neither gentle nor simple, but combinin' the bad qualities of both. Lord help the country if the Government's goin' to manufacture many more of her kind!" The Rector, however, regarded his strong language (which he ever deplored as an evil ensample to the flock) as a virtual admission of the weakness of his premisses. People always swear when they are beaten.

At the end of another month, marked by the usual tale of smashes and spills, his wife again petitioned for relief. "She has a disturbing effect on Mabel," she said, "and keeps her from her lessons."

"No harm in that," replied the sociologist gaily. "The child studies too hard as it is."

"And I heard her discussing the poets and novelists with Wilfrid, after school," she went on.

"Quite in keeping with my principles. I fully believe in these exchanges of thought in the young of all ranks,—it tends to cement our common bond. Why should we suppose ourselves exclusively possessed of the critical sense, and the capacity for literary appreciation?"

"But she is very pretty in her way, and Wilfrid is older than he was, and her constant crying works on his sympathies, and—"

"Good Lord!" said the Rector to himself, perhaps devoutly. He had viewed the romantic possibilities of his housemaid's career with a philosophical eye, but there were limits to everything, even to liberty, equality, and fraternity. What he said aloud was: "Ah, my love, I perceive your drift but apprehend no danger. I will, however, speak to him on the subject; a—er—a little caution, I am convinced, is all that is necessary." But if the reverend equaliser had known that his son and heir was wetting his nightly pillow with vague agonies of grief, sighing profoundly in solitary places, and daily reading the housemaid's ill-spelt doggerel with the conviction that its composer was a divinely-gifted princess in exile, he would have felt more alarm, yea, might have used language as strong as the Colonel's own.

"I can't 'elp it, Ma'm; I s'pose it's my nature," sobbed the syren as she ineffectually wiped her eyes after a debauch of weeping, due to poetical, digestive, and other neurotic causes, including the tea habit. "My old teacher, Miss Marigold that was but is now married to an artis', always said I was more sensible than most young lydies."

"How would you like to go to your mother's for a few days?" sug-

gested her troubled mistress. She was herself from the depths of the country and knew its healing touch.

"Oh, no, Ma'm!" the girl exclaimed with a slight shudder. "I couldn't do it now. It's so dull there, an' my mother likes to come 'ere instead. Also most of the young lydies I went to school with 'as gone to London, and the others works in dairies and farms and isn't at all refined."

The epoch of domestic crashes, literal and figurative, due to the slow grinding of the mills of the Gods, or of Nature, or of Government, as one may choose to call them, whereby a new and possibly higher social order is evolved out of an old one, threatened an infinite duration; but a temperate and enlightened people is worth any amount of incidental stress. So said the Rector to his wife; and with like reasonable words he tried to stay the Colonel's wrath at parish and other meetings when he roundly cursed his new servants and the latter-day world at large. "What does my gardener want with the Fifth Standard," he cried, "or my groom with the Sixth, or my stable-boy with water-colour drawin'? And the worst of it is that after all the infernal fuss and expense not a d——d idiot of 'em knows a d——d thing about anythin'. Temperate and well educated are they? I'd rather they got drunk and knew their business—the best gamekeeper I ever had drank like a fish and couldn't write." Thus the old selfish proprietary idea rebounded from the new and generous one that would have all the pleasures of life common.

But the long lane is a universal proverb, and affairs in the home of sociological experiment and domestic danger saw a sudden, and, to one of its inmates at least, a welcome turn. "She expresses a transitional phase of development, I admit," said the

reverend theorist on the pivotal morn; "but her taste and refinement, I am convinced, are a genuine growth, not mere accretions, and will not be uprooted by change of circumstance. Nor will the old servile attitude towards her reputed betters, encouraged I grieve to say by the Catechism, ever be likely to return." The latter prediction was a safe one, as the trait in question had probably never existed in the housemaid's case; but at noon that day, whatever bearing it might have on her gentility, she asked to go out; she desired to see the Fair with the young gas-fitter who had just mended the rectory pipes. William Raddle by name, his looks had betokened respectability and ill-health.

"I know 'is people, Ma'm," said the poetess. "'E's very steady and 'ard-workin', and never drinks anything only tea."

She returned from the outing somewhat late in the afternoon. The exhibition was a typical one of its kind, an affair of garish shows, dizzy swings and whirligigs, games, noises, refreshments, and the assorted indecencies, chiefly pictorial, now common to those festive scenes. That she had found it little less than an Arabian Nights' Entertainment was plain; but her excited demeanour was evidently due to another cause. "We've arranged it, Ma'm," she said shortly.

They were married in three months, the Rector, after some demur on the ground that they had rudely interrupted his experiment in social science, consenting to publish the banns. Otherwise a halcyon period, their "walking-out" was marked by one threatened encounter between the plumber and the Rector's son, who, believing himself wronged, would have assaulted his successful rival, but thought better of it in time. Cricket, it should be said, eventually completed

his cure. Not so easily amended were the hurts of his mother, a more than patient Griselde, who found her account in the more solemn counsels of physicians, in nerve-tonics, china-shop and upholsterers' bills, and the like. But the Rector's prediction of romance seemed to have been in some degree realised.

"I was dustin' the drawin'-room, Ma'm," said the transformed housemaid, calling in a friendly way two months after the wedding (if once effulgent she was now flamboyant in costume) "an' was feelin' very low-spirited, 'avin' in my mind the words of Lord Tennyson in the poem about the dead bein' steered by the dumb, and wonderin' if it might be my own fite, w'en I looked up an' see 'im. 'E was doin' the pipes in the passage, an' 'is face was so pale and refined, with 'is eyes 'alf-closed from a tempory affection of the eyelids 'e 'as, an' 'e sighed so melancholy (it was partly 'is asthma), that I fairly lost my 'art. I was wearin' a disy in my dress, which 'e said was why 'e noticed me, though it was also my complexion. 'Is profession is a sanitary engineer, which 'e 'ad to study for very 'ard like a clergyman or a doctor; an' 'e expects to 'ave a shop of 'is own very soon, so we shall take a 'ouse with furniture on the 'ire system instead of livin' with 'is people as we do now. We've got the piano already, which I can play a little, my sister that's in London 'avin' taught me."

It were the mark of a grudging and narrow soul to carp at a consummation apparently so fitting, to admit impediment to the marriage of minds so obviously akin. The Rector, his passing pique forgotten recognised it as the inevitable outcome of his theory. Therefore he looked with new favour on the happy pair. "The products of like educational forces, and of trends making steadily for the

democracy of the future," he said to his wife, "they have followed the leading both of nature and philosophy. That townward drift, so deplored by economic sciolists, I hold to be full of shining possibilities—the coming race may be urban, but it will also be urbane. Young Raddle, though not quite so strong as might be wished, possesses a theoretic knowledge of science said to be unique; he is, indeed, as far ahead of the ignorant plougher of the fields as the vertebrate is beyond the mollusc."

"So, Dovecote, your poetical hybrid has married that squintin', asthmatic plumber who muddled my drains on the latest scientific principles?" said the Colonel when they next met; there was a vindictive satisfaction in his tone, as if he had said: "Serves you all right!"

"I deny the truth of your description," answered the Rector, with philanthropic heat. "Young Raddle is one of the most advanced lads we ever had in our schools."

"And she might have married that big-chested, black-haired smith down in her village, as fine a fellow as ever swung hammer and one of the last of his kind!" exclaimed the man of war with a contemptuous sniff. "But I suppose your rickety, myopic town animal knows the rudiments of French—French!" And memories of his own early struggles with that polite tongue, and of his grandfather's exploits at Waterloo, changed the form of his never too amiable visage to one of direct hostility to the nation from which, he may have thought, these subversive changes primarily and secretly sprang.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

MR. ANDREW LANG has been attacking the reading of newspapers. He has been careful not to condemn the practice ruthlessly, for the wise man does not quarrel outright with his best friends. But he has urged with some insistence that it is characteristic of the present day that we should devour the morning, the afternoon, the evening and (if the solecism be permitted) the weekly journal. It is not by any means the first time that this accusation has been hurled at the heads of the reading public. In those early days when every country gentleman had his private news-writer in London, whose duty it was to peep in where men did congregate, whether at St. Paul's Cathedral or at a Strand Coffee-House, and gather the latest bit of ear-tickling news, there were those who condemned the practice of news-devouring quite as definitely as Mr. Andrew Lang attacks the similar practice to-day. Indeed Ben Jonson's comedy of *THE STAPLE OF NEWS* is as scathing a condemnation of frivolous newspaper-reading as can be imagined. In 1850 appeared Mr. F. K. Hunt's *FOURTH ESTATE*, a remarkable history of newspaper-dom, and it was greeted by a fierce onslaught on the part of the *NORTH BRITISH REVIEW*, in which the same contentions were made. We read that newspapers find no place for the real activities of the time but only for wickedness and sensation; that the popular lust for news is one of the mightiest elements of national decay; that the newspaper-press disgusts the world with everything in

the nature of religion by its ignorant treatment of religious controversies; that newspaper-reading ousts the taste for the reading of books and inculcates a superficiality of knowledge which is positively harmful.

This estimate of the newspaper as an engine for evil is as recurrent in its manifestation as the new moon. The early *SPECTATOR*, rather illogically, one must say, seeing that itself was a pioneer, protested that newspaper-readers were men of a voracious appetite but no taste. It was some such idea that lay behind the limitation of the printing of public sheets to the Stationers' Company by Queen Mary, and to the cities of London, Oxford and Cambridge in Elizabeth's reign. The Long Parliament made much ostentation of abolishing the Star Chamber, but it acted with precisely the same rigour in respect to the censorship of the press. What Milton thought of this procedure the world knows well, and Milton was no doubt as anxious for the cultivation of serious and permanent literature as any literary man to-day. "She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensing, to make her victorious," were his noble words in defence of a free press. Yet the Government considered it to be sufficient to issue two official newspapers, the *LONDON GAZETTE* consisting of news without opinion, and the *OBSERVER* which dealt in opinions, carefully censored and inspired, and eschewed news.

The history of the newspaper-press, using the phrase in its widest connotation, is so rich in beneficial results to mankind that at the very outset



we might pause before we pass a sweeping condemnation upon it. There are learned treatises which trace its origin in the *Acta Diurna* of Roman days. These are said to have been official records of events of public interest. In Venice they were read out to those who paid a *gazetta* for admission, from which we may make an interesting philological inference. It is a comparatively long reach of history from this time to the passage of Lord Campbell's Act, but it is the story of the development of what Lord Russell called "the guardian and guide of all other liberties." Lord Campbell's Act is, as we may say, the Magna Charta of the newspaper-press, inasmuch as it recognises the value of the publication of certain tidings, even though apparently scandalous, as being for the public benefit. Macaulay in one of his more than usually powerful sentences declares that the Press "has done more for liberty and for civilisation than the Great Charter or the Bill of Rights."

There can be no doubt that to-day a very real feeling of hostility to the public press is growing rapidly in the community, and especially in some of its more cultured sections. This hostility is more real than it ever was before. It hides its sternness and rigour behind the apparently flimsy joke and mild witticism at the expense of the manner in which newspapers are conducted. Many true words are hidden behind the jest. The man who accuses newspapers of regaling the popular palate with uncooked chestnuts, or dismisses them contemptuously by saying that they exist for the support of journalists, really means that he doubts if the influence of the newspaper is so much for the public good as is claimed by those who are interested in their dissemination. It may be admitted at the

outset that there are newspapers and —newspapers. With this differentiation we shall deal presently, but we may claim for the newspaper which is really a "news paper" that it is by no means to be despised as an instrument for arousing the interest of mankind in man, and this, in itself, is of vast importance.

Indeed the abstract doctrine that the newspaper is the bulwark of public welfare cannot well be disputed. However we are nowadays face to face with a new and more subtle attack upon the public press. In its essence it has points of similarity with previous attacks, as we have shown, but in its manifestation it assumes a new phase. The newspaper is a good thing, it says, but one can have "too much even of a good thing." It is urged that the public is too much addicted to the reading of journals. It is contended that journals are ousting serious books from the market, that superficial and glib acquaintance with numerous subjects is taking the place of mastery of one subject, that learning is lost in loquacity and industry in indolence. Lamartine is said to have declared that the only possible day by day book is the newspaper. To this it is replied by our modern critics that since there are so many newspapers, which are issued in such rapid succession, they are merely glanced at and never read, so that the newspaper-reader does not even regard his beloved journal with sufficient interest to master its contents. Those who urge that this development is due to the rapid spread of education since 1870 are not perhaps aware that the same charge has been made against newspapers since the days of Butter's WEEKLY NEWS. Those who assign what they regard as the pitiable degeneration of the reading taste of to-day to some vague deterioration

of newspapers themselves, have probably failed to examine the news sheets of the past. There are no green hills so fair as the shadowy green hills shrouded in the mists behind us. To-day's newspaper is more sensational, we say; it is less honourable; it is more anxious to tickle the ears of the multitude; it cares more for circulation than for culture, and truth is of less importance to it than a triumph of enterprise. With such hazardous speculations we roughly sum up the situation, without having referred to the earlier days of journalism, when virulent and unscrupulous controversy enlivened its pages and insinuation defiled them, and then we lament the public addiction to the reading of newspapers. It may be that there is something to be said on the other side. It may be that neither is the education of to-day so superficial as we have thought, nor are our newspapers so contemptible as some of us have imagined.

To begin with, the history of our own times is bound to have first place in our interests. To the cynic the times are always out of joint. To the wise man they are not merely the present; they are the resultant of all the forces of the past ages. When a great German philosopher made an attempt at a philosophy of history it was a perfectly sound criticism to urge that the only philosophy of history was to recognise the enduring things. The time-process is an excellent sieve, after all, and that which has been lost in the by-gone ages was hardly worth the keeping. We may view all that the centuries have eliminated with much of the school-boy's regard for the lost books of Euclid. There is undoubtedly a social process. We may differ as to its scientific occasions, its laws, its effects, but we are bound to admit

that it is not by accident that elements in human life, once thought permanent and vital, have entirely vanished. The newspapers reflect this striking fact on every page. We should be surprised to find in Monday's paper a disquisition on the Divine right of Kings, or on the legitimacy of the Slave Trade, or on the true Doctrine of the Absolute. These are interesting topics undoubtedly, but they are not vital to the work-a-day life of our times. Consequently the newspapers regard them not. The settlement of South Africa, the consideration of the Irish land question, the appointment of a Bishop,—these occupy to-day's journal, and these are topics which closely affect the very complex life of to-day. The student, if we may use that word in its narrowest sense, places a greater importance upon the true character of Judge Jeffreys, the culpability of Laud, the origin of the Aryans, the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews. No doubt he is right. The study of deeper causes of to-day's events necessitates the historical mind; the advance of knowledge and its bearing upon commerce necessitates the scientific mind; the demand for a basis for morals and politics demands the philosophic mind. But the student must remember, be it never so humiliating a thought, that he is in a vast minority, and that mankind, in the increasing struggle for subsistence, is driven to accept things as they are, without too close an enquiry into the foundations upon which they are based. Consequently it is to the majority that the newspaper will appeal; the majority will have regard for the importance of the events of the hour. It may be replied that a more intelligent knowledge and interest would be guaranteed by some preliminary serious study, that the newspaper-reader who is versed

in Dutch history will have the soundest view of South African affairs, and that he who has mastered Adam Smith and Ricardo will be best able to understand Mr. Balfour's latest speech. But these are not legitimate newspaper-readers. They are students, and though they may be able to help us all to a clearer understanding, yet the world is not for them alone. Granted a reasonable intelligence (and who can doubt that the intelligent reading of journals is increasing?) it would appear that there is no topic so entrancing and so important as the day-by-day history of ourselves.

It will be urged that this is ephemeral literature; but ephemeral literature is only a matter of degree after all. Is the novel, which was published a month ago and to-morrow is a remainder, an outcast from the circulating libraries, any less ephemeral than the newspaper, which is read, at least, even though it be obsolete to-morrow? Nor can we say that the additions to classic literature are overshadowed by the daily or weekly journals so that they fail to attract the notice which they should. Additions to what we may call permanent literature are not always recognised on the morning of their birth. We have thousands of examples of volumes which failed to attract any public attention on their issue, afterwards becoming so famous that it is now a mark of ignorance or perverted taste not to have read them, and more, not to love them. It is to be feared that we are not able to distinguish, in the multitude of books which pour from the press to-day, what will and what will not be esteemed by posterity. Posterity has an ugly knack of belying all prophecies. Imagine the man in the electric railway growing excited over the *LETTERS OF JUNIUS* or Isaac Bickerstaffe's writings, and yet these

were the delight of London in their own day and promised to be the delight of all time. The contention, therefore, that a mute inglorious Milton may die of a broken heart in this twentieth century, owing to the devotion of potential readers to the newspapers, may be swept aside. Did he appear, we may assert on the other hand that the newspapers would find room for his portrait and a description of his daily life. To the pessimist that is contemptible, but Shakespeare and Omar and Chatterton had not even this recognition. Indeed we may go a step farther. Fame, a century or two ago, was purchased openly in the market by the patron. We have read the fulsome dedications with which the poor poet attempted to thank his lord for meeting the charge for publication. We know nothing of the unhappy poets who had no patron; it is not likely that we should. What if a greater than Shakespeare should have been lost to the race because some parsimonious baron refused to be his patron, or because he was too proud to offer a sufficiently adulatory dedication? If merit came to the front in spite of such a system, we may well pause before we accuse the journalism of to-day of seducing the world away from its geniuses. However harshly we may judge editors and their assistants, a man would rather send them a copy of his treasured work for notice than plead with the lord of the manor for a small account on his banker.

There is even more to be said for newspapers. We are apt to regard literature as a process for adorning certain brows with laurel; we never think of the thousands of unknown writers who inspire our daily thoughts. Public opinion is largely swung by what we may call anonymous thought. Surely it is well that we should utter a word of appreciation for those who

write, with a good conscience, day by day, and know quite well that their works will never be included in the honours' course in Literature in universities yet to be. Possibly some of these writers do not seek the laurel; they are content to be hidden from the public gaze. The glorification of the book, produced by the individual, is apt to be at the expense of the far more widely-read productions of the article-writer. To-morrow morning there appears the most wonderful book of the age. It is the work of a thousand brains, carefully planning, sparing no energy and no expense that the best account of the world's deeds may be placed before the world, with the best criticism of the faults and follies which mark them. Is not this a literature which it is hardly fair to despise? No one buys a copy out of friendliness to the author; no one reads it merely because his neighbour will read it, and because he must be able to cope with him in conversation; no one studies it at the behest of examination authorities; no one buys it to add to the adornment of a library or as a gift for unappreciative offspring. The purchase of a newspaper is the sincerest act of the day. There is no question of discount, net price, or the like. No one grumbles that he has purchased less than his money's worth, and borrowing a newspaper is an infringement of a tacit commandment. As regards books, there are people who will even borrow a copy from the author—and forget to return it. How few books are really purchased and read with full sincerity of heart!

It is in line with this general argument that we should have to notice a frequent contention that certain discussions should not find place in the columns of newspapers but should be restricted to the formal treatise.

For example, it is frequently said that discussions on questions affecting religion should be banished from the public prints. Theology, as a science, is not for the public, it is claimed, but for the student who understands its technology and appreciates its subtlety. We may protest against esotericism both in respect to theology and in respect to other sciences. The greatest Teacher was heard gladly by the common people, and there is assuredly much to be said for the claim that discussions of religious and scientific questions will be none the worse for coming into the ampler air. This is not to protest that everyone is competent to take part in such controversies, nor is it to urge that the air should be constantly clamorous with discordant cries. But it is to protest against the notion that there are phases of truth for the clear vision of which the public is not yet prepared, and that these phases are to be revealed only to the wise and prudent. No heresy has done more than this to produce in the popular mind a distrust of learning, a fear that knowledge is in effect destructive of sacred things, always ready to lay its hands upon the icons in the popular temple. Nor can we blame the public for loving the superficiality of journalism when the serious contributions to learning have been, for the most part, out of the reach of the newspaper-reader. It is not without significance that scientific articles nowadays appear with comparative frequency even in daily journals. We all know that such articles meet with the contempt of the scientist, and possibly they merit that contempt. But they are efforts to bring before the newspaper-reader the main outlines of the latest scientific discoveries, and are not intended to make more scientists, so that no rights are likely to be infringed. If it

comes to pass that the journal becomes the hand-maid to the treatise there will be far less reason to regret its domination. Unfortunately there has been such a regard for the *volume*, that is, the amount, that we have failed to recognise the value of the more brief dissertation.

In short there seems to have grown up a confusion between the idea of a book and the idea of precious thought. It is not the mere form in which thought is put which matters, but the thought itself. The journalism of one day becomes the classic literature of the next,—Defoe and Swift are examples. Yet we turn round and assault the newspaper. Why should not Mr. Herbert Spencer contribute to the feuilleton columns of a modern journal? Indeed we may go farther. There seems to be no reason why so-called ephemeral literature should not include those contributions to knowledge which we conjecture may become more or less permanent. The newspaper is rapidly developing. The machinists' art is being improved daily. We look for the time when a daily journal shall appear, having the format of a monthly magazine of to-day and containing critical articles by specialists and contributions to real knowledge. It is not a wild dream, for the *special* article has already become a very respectable entity in all well-conducted organs, and it is no longer a mere column of extracts from an encyclopædia hustled together by a hurried leader-writer; it must be a careful study in plain language, by someone who understands the subject. Granted that there is a further development in this direction, and that the appliances for wrapping and folding may be improved, what is to hinder our favourite journal from giving us day by day the thought of the time on history and philosophy? As regards fiction, we already see that

novels of a certain sensational kind run through the columns of daily journals. Possibly this, too, may be developed and the circulating library will be merged in the "largest circulation." Then we shall see,—and what is a more desirable consummation?—a decrease in the output of books, for it will only be worth while to issue those which are certain to be of permanent value,—treatises for the specialist student, and works which, in their prior journalistic form, have shown their worthiness for separate existence.

All this may seem, in the eyes of the objector, to be very utilitarian. He may urge that we have only considered literature as a means of usefulness. What, he asks, of that wide range of literature which simply includes the beautiful in thought and the wise in speculation? To this question there is a ready reply. We may take the "beautiful in thought" to be exemplified by volumes of verse, and the "wise in speculation" to be exemplified by volumes of sermons. The poet and the sermoniser manifestly desire an audience. Will they ever get an audience by means of the published volume, save only if they are geniuses in their respective ways? Of course, if they should be geniuses, the newspaper is not blind to the fact, nor is the newspaper even of to-day averse from publishing either their verse or their sermons. Only these persons must disabuse themselves of the notion that the world exists to supply them with readers. That is the initial fallacy of the whole criticism. Man was not made for the use of books, but books for the use of man, and those contributions which are likely to benefit mankind, whether they belong to the realm of exact knowledge, to the realm of speculation, or to the realm of the beautiful in thought, will reach



mankind as certainly through the journalistic as through any other channel. A vast amount will never reach mankind at all, but mankind will bear the sacrifice.

It must be remembered that in thus claiming a greater tribute of respect for newspapers we are bearing well in mind that there are journals which are more inimical to the household of journalism than any enemy without the gate. The newspaper which regales its readers with purple patches rather than with news, which follows rather than attempts to direct public opinion, which thirsts for ear-tickling sensationalism, and is able to satisfy that thirst in a delusive head-line when the sensationalism itself is not forthcoming,—that newspaper is the head and front of the offending. It has none of the characteristics of the true newspaper, the characteristics which we have attempted to defend. It is not a history of our own times, since it presents that which it desires to have happened in such a guise as will please the coarser desires of its readers. It cares more for the personal paragraph than for the plain truth, and its art of condensation is to present to its readers that which has not escaped the sub-editorial mind. And for all this it offers the meek

defence that ours are days of haste and hurry. A true journal, having the remotest sense of responsibility, would attempt to check a tendency which it deplored. Not so the cheaper and more flimsy journalism to which we refer. Does the public hurry? Then let us outvie it. Does the public hate the ruler of the planet Mars? Then let us pander to that hatred by article upon article showing his follies and the villainies of his rule.

But to point out the evils of the American mode in journalism is one thing and to attack the reading of newspapers is another. The cultured and conscientious newspaper still exists in our midst. It attempts to be balanced in its criticism, careful in its purveyance of news and to be lofty in its moral ideal. That it is capable of an even greater dignity is our contention, and we are eager to maintain that the times are ripe for a development in the direction we have indicated. If in so doing it attracts the attention of the world from its less reputable neighbour, which is scurrilous where it was scrupulous and despicable where it was dignified, it will have accomplished the greatest work yet attempted by the newspaper press.

J. G. L.

## WHITE WITCH.

THE frosty diamonds shine  
 On your bare white breast as you go,  
 And the crimson berries twine  
 In a beautiful burning line  
 On your delicate wrists a-row ;  
 But your dear little white lace wings  
 Are tired and slow,  
 White Witch of the Snow !

Last week you danced on the Arctic Line  
 To the North Lights smouldering low :  
 Last night you sang to a Norway pine  
 All the beautiful songs you know ;  
 But to-night you are mine, and your eyes a-shine  
 Are more to me than Woman and Wine,  
 Fame and Love and the Muses Nine,  
 White Witch of the Snow !

Yet I know by the South Wind's sign  
 Where the trees toss to and fro,  
 That the dawn will be soft and fine,  
 And, awake with the waking kine,  
 You must gather your wings and go ;  
 But I, I shall never repine  
 Since for only one night I know  
 I was yours and you were mine,  
 White Witch of the Snow !

W. H. O.

## THE LAND OF THE LÆSTRYGONS.

ULYSSES once came to a town that delighted him till he had learnt that its people were cannibals; and he remembered the tall shining home, the white peace of its harbour, and the lofty defence of its hills with affection long after his fattened adventurers, recently nourished on the lotus, were welcomed with open mouths by the Læstrygons. Where was that land? Through what hills did the beautifully-flowing Artacia find the pale sea?

It may be that the scholars who limit Ulysses to the Mediterranean and rougher Ionian and Ægean malign him. Some hold that the Spaniards when they discovered Peru found its inhabitants worshipping Baal in towns contemporaneous with Babylon. If America was found and forgotten so early as this would imply, then travellers' tales of voyages greater than Herodotus knew, and of oceans no longer explored, might have been the guides to the lands blind Homer saw. Though he said that the town of the Læstrygons was seven days' sail from the island of Æolus, which was ten from desired Ithaca, such an assertion might have been added to make his tale proximate to home-keeping listeners. It may be that his prospect was wider than Europe, that the lotus was eaten in an island of palms, far in the south, under which sky the Læstrygons fed upon strangers.

But this is a supposition too wild for prosaical scholars. Since the learned are not to be slighted even in our illiterate time, it is well to appraise their opinions when chance

has conducted our steps to the scenes of their arguments. Now the ancients upheld Formia's claim to the cannibals, and their modern successors prefer Sicily's; and it has been my luck to inhabit both those places.

Once upon a time, it so happened that I stood on the terrace called Paradise in that high cradle of monks, the monastery of Monte Cassino. Far off beyond the mountains I saw a tiny wedge of the sea blink in the sunset. "Formia is there," said the Black Benedictine, standing beside me. Formia! The name was familiar, and yet told me nothing at first, nor could he tell me more than that it belonged to a village of fishers on the bay of Gaeta; but soon I remembered Cicero's holiday palace, Forminum, and his death in the woods near it, and then how he wrote of the Læstrygons. Early next morning I was making for Formia, driving down Monte Cassino and away to the west, through the long valley and by the taciturn Liris (the Garigliano) and up to the mountains. At noon I descended to the wonderful bay. And lo! the sea was white.

There was the long rampart of mountains, iridescent in the glow of the noon. Under it was the following curve of the glossy shore. Yonder the sinuous river gleamed like a snow-drift. What though the tall city was gone? So is many another eminent once. What though the embracing hills did not constrict the port? Homer was blind. Might he not have confounded the legends that piloted his wandering heart and so have imagined

a refuge more urgently held! Argentine clouds of blossoms were over the orchards. The Appian Way shone like a silver belt. Even the sapphire dome overhead was wan with the shimmering glamour that fused the innumerable tints of the sea. "And all about," (as Homer said) "there was a candid and shining serenity."

"'Tis indeed good, if a man might tarry by it," said Sir Walter Raleigh, as he smoked his last pipe on the way to the scaffold. That was my opinion of Formia; and it led to my asking why should not I tarry? It was true that I was on my way home; but a year could be added to my absence without imperilling the welfare of England. When one could linger in a place so delightful, at a nominal cost, it would be foolish to return to the different conditions of home.

While I so pondered, I came on a house standing apart on the beach some two miles from the village. It was called *La Torricella* (the Little Tower). As a matter of fact, it was not a tower, little or big; but being narrow and high, it resembled one when it was seen from a distance by the fishers, and they had bestowed the name on it, for it was a landmark. From a tall iron gate on the Appian Way, an avenue ran through the neglected garden, where orange trees stooped and tomato plants sprawled, to the ponderous door. The house appeared built for defence; perhaps it was, for the folk of the mountains are dangerous neighbours. It had two storeys; the first was a great empty vault, and from it wide stairs led up to the other, which had five moderate rooms. Two windows, joined by a balcony, looked on the sea, and two others were facing the mountains. Another balcony ran about the top of the house; another gate opened on the flowery bank below which were the waves. The

Little Tower echoed the sea's perpetual music. The Mediterranean was constant there under the windows; it did not recede with any ebb of the tide. There was a hint of green light in the rooms, and the reflection of the glittering waves danced on their ceilings. The coolness of the water was in them, allied to the chill of the wintry stone floors that no summer could warm. Beyond doubt, it was good to be there.

The owner demanded eighteen pounds a year; and lest this should be thought exorbitant, he undertook to have the house-linen washed and to provide me with firewood into the bargain. The necessary servant was found at Gaeta. Philomen was her name; a brown, grim little woman, white-haired and weather-beaten. One *lira* a day (about nine-pence) was the price of her trudging fidelity; and lest I should accuse her of extortion, she said that of course she would buy her own food. Both these bargains were struck without more ado; and I found myself lord of the Little Tower with its scant but sufficing furniture, and of old Philomen.

It was something to live on the Appian Way, the Queen of all Ways, the first made eternal by those deliberate builders, the Romans. Past my rusty old gate it ran level and firm, as solid with perpetual flints superimposed on a bed of stones firmly cemented above another of gravel, as when it was completed two thousand years ago. Sometimes a flock of goats passed on it; sometimes a peasant jogged by in a lumbering cart slowly, indifferently. But for such rare apparitions, ghostly in the dust, it was left to the dust and the lizards. The dust would soar up like a fountain and come like a river, and the lizards would bask, and the white road would appear as spectral beneath them as did the white olives along its hot little walls.

During the summer there was deep silence in Formia. The level sea's whisper was soft; the wind had no voice; the few birds that had escaped from the sportsmen were quiet; the inhabitants hid from the glare, and, when they strayed out of doors to lounge on the harbour wall as the sun was declining, would speak in hushed tones or be silent; even the young girls did not gossip as they filed to the well in a stately procession, balancing high pitchers on their heads with as gracious a dignity as if they bore crowns, royally, calmly, like those others that Ulysses remembered, the daughters of the King. Solitude is apt to grow irksome, delectable though it may seem; but one can combine its pleasure with that of society when one is with people so tacitly gregarious. The Formians had the virtue of reticence. Though they were inquisitive at first about strangers, their curiosity was never obtruded, and was easily satisfied. Very soon I could pass to and fro with the certainty that my private affairs and opinions were as little to them as the inside of my tower was to the fishers.

The Lastrygons (according to Homer) wasted no time on preliminary talk, but began dining forthwith. If the Formians are descended from them, that may account for their silence; or it may be due rather to the strain they inherit from Spanish and Saracen conquerors. As for the avoidance of all intrusion, that is caused by their essential Italian courtesy, which is apart from the shallow politeness of the French and from the too proud affability of the Moors and the Spaniards. It is insinuating and kind, dignified also, and as fruitful of faults as of merits, for it is the origin of half the untruths one encounters in Italy. It was common to all classes in Formia,

though among the fishers it blended with a Saracen gravity.

The fishers were schooled by the inarticulate sea. Often when I was afloat with them I could have imagined that I was under the hills of Barbary. In rough weather they wore brown hooded robes like the earliest attire of the monks or the African protection from rain. They had the dark faces, the pride, the indifference, the rare and irradiating smiles of the Moors. No gust could excite them; and even when they looked on their plunder—the squirming and shining fish—they were as calm as the brown-legged girls hauling the nets. There was absolute calm in Formia during the summer. The sea was like the smooth pavement of the City of God. Though the bare mountains changed colour like chameleons, though the sky was transfigured by sunsets and dawns, though it had the candid blue of spring in the early hours and in the heat of the day such a cerulean consistence that it resembled the hollow of a shell, these remote changes and the limited vagrance of the shadows could only accentuate the immutable stillness.

From my balcony over the beach I commanded a view of the wide hospitable bay, bounded on the north by the black hulk of martial Gaeta, and on the south by the opposite headland of Monte di Procida, beyond which was Naples, invisible, though further Vesuvius shone in the nights like a star. Few sails ever went on the sea; only the fishers from Formia and Borge beyond passed on it slowly. Though they drew near on their homeward way, that only rendered the sight of their placid quest even more like an illusion. Out of the west they would file straight to the Little Tower in the evenings when the mountains were scarlet; then one by one the brown sails would flap a



salute and the procession of boats would depart. Out of the west they would grow, as if they brought tidings, and then they would dwindle. I knew that they were tacking to shun the long reef in the bay and only looked on the tower as a landmark, and yet their approach was welcome. It was good to be delicately linked with them thus, and to know that my lamp guided them home when they were belated.

The bay had been populous with ships in its time: triremes and galleys and galleons had haunted it, Nelson had sailed on it; but such remembrances only added to the charm of its peace as the serenity of the land was the more marked by that obsolete highway once trampled by the rapid and stunted legions of Rome. Stunted? Yes, this is a term which belongs to those victors. Pompeii is but a superannuated warren of pigmies. That horrible miniature woman, shamefully exposed in her tortured nakedness there, under glass, just as she fell, was (I take it) of the average height. Even the huge palaces now unburied in Rome, have such narrow and base corridors and halls so contracted that only a people of dwarfs could have thought them magnificent. When the historians related that Cesar was tall, they meant that he topped his diminutive neighbours. I know it, for I met him one day up in the mountains. Down between the olives he came, hard and austere, wrapped in a heavy long coat worn as a toga. He had the cold eye of an emperor, and a neck like a citadel; massive, quite out of proportion to his face and his body, but grand, he seemed hewn out of stone. He was a Roman eagle. Though his inches were few, what of that? His was a form made for a pediment. Others might have fancied that this was some peasant made grim

by hereditary toil; but I recognised the Master whose name has become the proudest title on earth: he was Dictator, he was Pontifex Maximus, —he was Cesar.

Such a vision is not to be seen in Rome but in solitary places, dead towns on the hills and lonely huts buried in olives. It might be visible in the south of France too; but there an imperial countenance would be only a mask. I remember how startled I was there when going into a shop I saw three Roman emperors shaving together; but when I had submitted my throat, with an instinctive reluctance, to Nero's razor, I found him a pompous and affectionate fool. Now in Italy the likeness is often more than external.

Though I did not presume to interrogate Cesar, I found Philomen worthy to be his compatriot. With what an assurance of mutual respect she enounced her grave, "*Signorin' mio!*" With what a noble severity she would rebuke me for reading at table! "*Mangia poi, studia dopo* (eat now; study after)," she said. She was laconic, as were the Romans of the prime; even Cicero, that fountain of words, wrote pregnant and brief sentences when he was in earnest. She was philosophic, as they were. With what a splendid indifference she would reply, "*Chi lo sa!* (who knows!)" when I asked her what time it was. And that same "*Chi lo sa!*" was her sole comment on the creeds of the world; she never darkened the door of a church; the bells called her in vain. No matron of Rome ever surpassed the dignity with which she went forth to the market-place, wearing her new black attire and a bonnet befitting her rank as my servant, and carrying a solid umbrella, the first she had owned. There was in her a strain of the Roman cruelty. She would

not be dissuaded from bringing back poultry alive and slaying them in the kitchen immediately before they were cooked: in other things she was obedient, but when her art was in question her resolute silence explained that I knew nothing about it; and there would be in her eyes, as she watched them jump in her basket, a gleam of amusement that made me think of the women who saw the gladiators perish. There were in her the virtues of old; faithful she was, and abstinent, and tacitly proud. Such was Philomen, and I take it that my pedestrian Cæsar was cast in her mould. While such Italians remain there will be hope for Italy.

There is hope, but it is like the *Resurgam* written over a grave. Therefore the men who brought Italy under one sceptre called their work *Risorgimento*, a Resurrection. Philomen and her like are ineffectual ghosts out of the past,—who can put power in their hands? What is their land but a cemetery? Monasteries and churches are now mausoleums, and palaces are tombs. Perugia, Siena, Bologna are sepulchres; and even in thronged cities, Venice and Florence and Rome, the inmates are tenants dissimilar from the owners, the real Venetians and Florentines and Romans,—the dead.

It is remarkable, by the way, how little one hears of ghosts in a country so superstitious and such a theatre of tragical legends; but it would be rash to infer that no belief in them makes the nights dreadful. There are things no Italian will mention if he can help it. He will discuss matters we would avoid: hence it is that a foreigner would be tempted to think unsophisticated rustics obscene and depraved if he judged them by their usual talk; in doing which he would be wrong, for even when their acts show a bland disregard of our rules of morality it is

in ignorance,—they are antique, they are Pagan. The Italian will not speak of anything he fears,—of the Evil Eye or of ghosts, of the secret societies (such as the Camorra and Mala Vita) or of the Latitanti, the outlaws.

A foreigner might live in Amalfi a long time without being warned that the hills behind it are a favourite refuge for men in hiding from justice. When Gian has stabbed Giacomo with the useful stiletto of everyday life, (one unlike the elegant toy made for strangers, one with a horn handle two inches long and a blade half that length, one just short enough to be hidden in the fist that employs it so that an upward thrust will appear to bystanders to be only an affable blow on the back) then will he prove his respect for convention by betaking himself to the nearest hills for a time, and there he will revert to the primal independence of man. Neapolitan friends will assist him, and so will the other outlaws; and he will be mild in the summer, but dangerous when the storms and the cold make him unhappy. The hills behind Amalfi are dearest because they are nearest; but others, such as the peaks above Formia, also attract.

For this reason no Formian cared to inhabit the Little Tower in the winters; neither did any who had money to lose travel unarmed on the Appian Way by night or over the mountains, even by day. The swaggering carabinieri who guarded the village stopped at the gate; and beyond it a man was expected to look to himself. This was done without superfluous talk, and if a murder or a robbery happened little was said. Once indeed there was gossip when a pedlar, riding over the mountains to San Germano, encountered a famous Latitante on horseback, ex-

changed many shots with him, killed him, and rode home with the body dangling across his saddle to claim the blood-money, the price on the criminal's head; but then people spoke more of his fatal return and of the certain destruction entailed by his avarice than of the fight. The odds are that a Latitante belongs to some secret society which will avenge him, and so it is better to say nothing about him.

The Formians were pacific and wise, and this made them reticent. Besides, like all other Italians, they had an astonishing and cynical tolerance; they looked on the Latitanti as victims of unnatural laws. The outrageous imposition of taxes led them to feel for all who resisted their rulers, and their own poverty made them sympathise with men who had forfeited everything. They were very poor ("*povera gente!*" they would say of themselves in extenuation of their open dishonesty), very frugal and sober; they might have been descended from Spartans as some have alleged and as the Greek name of their town perhaps may imply. It would have been hard for the most extravagant man to spend money in Formia. In Philomen's account-book I find details of prices. Here is an average day's expenditure; meat, 3½d.; bread, 2d.; milk, 1d.; grapes, 2½d.; two pomegranates, 1d.; a sole, 4d.; vegetables, 2d.; eggs, 3d.; a bottle of red Formian wine, 2d.;—making in all one shilling and nine pence. She did not disguise her belief that I must be indeed *ricchissimo* if I could afford it, nor her opinion that Englishmen tended to gluttony. A hillock of macaroni or rice a day (costing about a penny) was all she needed, and water was her drink. Though this fare was no doubt supplemented with remnants of mine, she could have dispensed

with that unusual luxury; she could appreciate tomatoes and coffee, but was too old to acquire a relish for things hitherto strange.

These purchases of an average day were good of their kind, though it must be admitted that one of the items was ominously vague. What kind of meat was it? "*Carne magra* (lean meat)" was Philomen's calm definition. Whether the Formians are sprung from the Læstrygons, and therefore dislike less delicate flesh than that of their visitors, or have been taught to abstain by poverty and the heat of their summers, it is certain that they are not often carnivorous. So, if a stranger is eccentric enough to want meat, he had better discard curiosity. When one can buy a chicken for ten pence, and bunches of small birds for less, and many varieties of fish newly caught and of fruit recently gathered,—figs, peaches, apricots, melons, pomegranates and grapes and oranges, according to seasons—for a trifle, one need not repine though no money could purchase a chop.

As for the wine, it is wrung from a degenerate grape; it is fallen, and yet it retains tokens of a noble descent. Time was when the Formian wine ranked with the precious Falernian and Cæcuban. That was why Horace, when he humbly invited Mæcenas to taste an insignificant cup, said, "You can drink Cæcuban and the grape crushed in the press of Cæleno, but neither the Falernian vines nor the Formian hills flavour my cups," and why he asserted, "Though I own no wine mellowing in a Læstrygonian jar, I fear no stress of poverty." Those honoured wines came from these parts, and many more; why does no vintage inherit their ancient renown? The high slopes above Terracina and Fondi and Formia and Minturnæ and Capua

have the soil and the sun that made their old product delectable; would they not yield it again? But perhaps, even if we could plant them with a similar grape and wed it to trees and recover the knack of blending and maturing the wines, those would be too languidly strong and too sweet for our degenerate taste. If so, oblivion is better than a shameful neglect. Besides, they were never intended to be tossed about on the sea, nor consumed by the horrible Britons. Even now Formian wine will not bear exportation; it is too proud to submit to the traffic of aliens.

Few traces remained of the time when Formia itself was sacred to the pleasures of Rome. Here and there one could find butts of old walls. Under one of the houses there were huge seaside vaults which, though degraded by barrels and mercantile now, had once been a refuge where the Romans could hide from the intolerant noon, lounging and soothed by calm music and the emulous murmur of the waves. These were, of course, said to be part of Cicero's summer retreat, Formianum; but that was one of tradition's usual lies. The name of their original lord is forgotten; perhaps they belonged to an emperor, Tiberius or Nero, or to that rich Mentula whom Catullus attacked. They and the mossy foundations, disused, or compelled to sustain hovels, recorded a town almost as entirely obliterated as the illustrious home of the Læstrygons. Formianum has vanished; its stones are in the walls of the huts under the olives. Neither has anyone found a sign of that public and palatial abode, that basilica. It must have been up on the hills; is it not related that Cicero was hurrying down through the woods in the dark to a ship when Death overtook

him, black Death at full speed! A little to the north of the village, there is a sturdy and squat tower called his tomb. On that spot (says tradition) he was killed and his mutilated body was burnt by his freedmen. If this be true, it follows that his home must have been on the hills to the north. And it may chance to be true, since his servants were devoted to him and would have died for him gladly, if he, the waverer, the scold, had not found manhood in his utter calamity, commanding them to leave him, and stooping his head from between the curtains of his litter to bear the blow that would silence his eloquent and scurrilous tongue.

Formia has other traditions as tragic as this, as is natural since it lies amid battlefields, having Gaeta, so often besieged, on one side of it and on the other Minturnæ fatal to Marius, and African Hannibal's Capua, and that neighbouring ford on the Garigliano where Spanish Gonsalvo, the Great Captain, shattered the French. But these are almost forgotten, while Cicero's fate is remembered. Here, as elsewhere, he endures while Marius and Sulla are names.

These traditions can mar Formia's intrinsic serenity as little as can the tempestuous months that succeed the raging autumnal equinox. Tragedies and storms are but accidents. During the spring and the summer one is only reminded of the consequent rains by the paths in the hills. These are like streams of big stones, being meant to afford footing when the deluges change every path to a torrent. But that time is put out of mind by a people who are no more concerned with the future than with the past. No one could tell me the history of a ruinous shaft of stone near my gate; it was plainly the wreck of some old

triumphal arch, but it meant nothing to folk who would have been the last to associate their familiar white road with the legions of Rome in all the panoply of war. As for their future or Italy's, they would reject the thought of it with a calm *Chi lo sa!*

Little Formia stood by itself, caring nothing for Rome, or for the contest of the Pope and the King; it was an isolated Republic. Since it was impossible for it to proclaim its independence and thus avoid national taxes and military service, it bore those evils with fortitude. Meanwhile it preserved its own language. It will be time to begin talking of Italy as united when any Italian who can speak all its tongues can be found. Every town has its own dialect: there is a village in Calabria where the people talk Greek and another where the words are Arabic; and this adherence to the separate tongues betokens division. Of all the world's countries, none is so divided as Italy: the mercantile north and the indolent south hate one another, and the towns are antagonists. No doubt this is partly due to the old infinitesimal States, for nothing is changed in Italy. There is a King in the Quirinal now, and there may be a Republic to-morrow; these are accidents; the land is the same as when Venice made war on Padua or Tusculum on Rome.

The dialect of Formia keeps signs of the Saracen and the Spanish infusion, and therefore resembles the uniform Italian of books even less than does the Venetian. The Saracens who ravaged the coast and held it have left other traces; for instance, at neighbouring Itri the dead are still borne on litters and coffinless to a burial-ground high and apart, just as they are carried to-day in Algiers. And it may be that the stoical nature of the people is due also to them.

Yet the perpetual calm of the summers would almost suffice to mould them to quietness. Indeed, all the Italians of the South, though a stranger may think them excitable, have an essential philosophic tranquillity. Their passions are brief like their storms; if we hear of them often, it is because they are unbridled by any enactment. This is a natural race, gentle and dangerous, timid in comfort and apt to grow suddenly desperate. They show a serpentine honesty, visibly wriggling. They love to deceive, they delight in secrecy. This, with their shrinking from danger, makes them belong to the secret societies originally planned for a mutual protection from enemies and from the resented interference of laws. The falsity is often mere feigning, not meant to be trusted. If you rub them the right way, they will purr; if you leave them alone they will bask; if you anger them, you had better beware of their claws: they are feline,—their vices and their virtues belong also to cats.

Talking of cats, there was one that inhabited the wood by the Tower. He came of a family that had repudiated human protection, living apart, gaunt and morose, and sleeping on a branch. Like other Italian sportsmen, he hunted small birds. It was our custom to fling crumbs for the sparrows, and that brought us the privilege of his gradual friendship. For he ate all the crumbs, and the sparrows too when he could catch them, and we (Philomen and I) after failing in our efforts to scare him from that pleasure, relented and plotted to tame him. It took us a long time to domesticate a creature so wild. We did it by spreading his meals first on the terrace, and then on the steps, and then on the stairs, and then in the kitchen in front of the fire, and by keeping out of his way till he had grown used to the



house, and then ignoring him till he had learnt that we meant him no harm, and then giving him no food till he begged for it. After a time he even allowed us to shut the door and detain him. Winter assisted us by making the woods unattractive; and then he was gained, he was domestic. So was the miracle of heredity wrought in him, and he who had lived hunting and hunted, evinced an ingratiating confidence, purred, frisked, and had all the pretty ways of his tribe. There was only his great size to distinguish him from cats whose progenitors had never renounced their affection for roofs. Thus he lived till the day, an unfortunate one for him, when I set my face towards England.

A year had gone by since I had discovered this solitude, and as Ulysses grew tired of uncongenial attractions, preferring his rocky forlorn Ithaca, so I repented. The summer was too fine; I was sick of the unnatural loveliness. How long the days were, the tediously perfect days, breathless, resplendent! Oh for a dark and wet windy morning at home! The storms too when they came were unnatural; they pounced on one like wild beasts. One I remember that sprang up from the west; there was a yellow rim on the purple sea, then it was a widening band with a glitter of foam on it, then, in an instant, black night, a torrent and a hurricane. And the murderous rain in the winter,—week after week of it, all day long, all night long, never a pause; and the malevolent breakers hammering madly all day long, all night long, under my windows,—of these things also I grew tired. The winter was not fine enough; nor was it worth while to live out of England for weather like this.

When one is at home the first fog may impel one to pine for the East; but when one is living abroad even the gloom of London is dear. Volun-

tary exiles should reach home on a foggy and wet evening in winter, for then the dark streets, and the pools golden in the flare of the lamps, and the mud splashing everywhere, and the shining policemen in their waterproofs governing traffic, and the crowds hurrying home under dripping umbrellas are all congenially English. It is of such sights that Proconsuls dream in the East. This should not be ascribed only to our veering desires, but also to the spell of the earth. We are akin to the soil wherewith our dead fathers have of old been compounded. Homer knew that, when he sang of the dead brothers embraced by kindred earth far off in Lacedæmon.

The feeling of that bond with the soil may be latent, and even the tie with one's countrymen may be forgotten; but these affinities make it impossible to find an enduring comfort abroad. If an exile can fathom the people around him at all, his acquaintance with them has three stages: in the first they are strange to him; in the second, when he has acquired an understanding of them, they are familiar; in the third, when he knows them too well, he feels the essential difference more than he did in the beginning. When he has come to that stage he feels like a man among apes or an ape among men. It is time for him then to return.

Return I did, and as I departed I was confronted with a difficult question. Philomen could go back to Gaeta, not without tears; the ponderous key could be surrendered; but what could be done with Latitante, the cat? Philomen wished to adopt him; but could he be lured to Gaeta, and would he remain? My Formian friends promised to put him in a bag and convey him to her: I feigned to believe them, and they feigned to believe that I did; but she, the nut-

brown matron of Rome, was sternly incredulous, and her sole comment was, "*Povera bestia!*" He went back to the woods, an exile from the comfort of fires.

That other question, the important enquiry whether this was the home of those cannibals, was still to be answered. No proof was forthcoming; I had not discovered any accumulation of bones that could determine the nature of the primitive fare, nor even a Cyclopean wall that could be taken as a sign that the earliest inhabitants had the customs of Cyclops. Yet I was converted to the ancient belief, or rather was persuaded that this was the wiser of the doctrines adopted by the varying scholars. The ancients were not so removed from Ulysses; they may have been guided by an oral tradition and they knew Formia and Sicily better than their modern antagonists do.

Theocritus gave Sicily a lying repute. It has the glare without the glory of Africa; its greener recesses, the valleys and the coves on its rim, are crudely Italian. It is a country of yellow and detestable hills, bristling with the Saracen cactus. There the winds of two continents meet; it is mongrel. Nor can I imagine why anyone should linger

in it (except to study the ruins) when on one side there is Italy and on the other the way to white Tunis and purple Kabylia and the red hills of Algiers.

The ancients could judge for themselves; they were not bookworms misled by the docile repetitions of tourists; they saw that Formia's rival, the savage west coast of Sicily, was patently cursed, tormented by a boisterous sea. Though Cicero's support of their doctrine may have been due to the fact that the Formians preferred Cæsar to him, though Horace's may have been caused by his wish to provide a pedigree for Ælius Lamia, still Aulus Gellius, Pliny, Tibullus and the rest were unprejudiced, apart from their common patriotic desire to claim cannibals for the past of their land with Circe whose home they discovered beside Terracina. Formia, —not when it hibernates, when it is buried by the darkness of winter, but when it basks in the sun, when it is the *dulce Formice litus* the Romans knew—has the dominant charm Homer gave it, a limpid peace. At such a time one is willing to echo confident Pliny, saying, "Here is the land of the Lastrygons."

FRANK MATHEW.

## SARSFIELD.

IN the history of Ireland there is no Bannockburn, or if there is, we must go back to Clontarf to find it, and the day of Brian's victory saw Brian slain at his tent door. The names of Irish champions since the landing of Strongbow are the names of men who fought and who lost. And in all that splendid and tragic array there is no name more cherished than that of Patrick Sarsfield, there is no figure more truly heroic, there is no man who achieved less. We speak now of the fighters; of the men who had their triumphs, their victory of a period however brief; of Shane O'Neill, who "made Ulster a shaking sod" before he was hacked to rags in Cushendun, and his head sold to the English; of Red Hugh who swept victorious over three parts of Ireland, before he fled from the rout at Kinsale to die in Spain, poisoned by Carew's emissary; of Tyrone who conquered at the Yellow Ford, and was a prince and a leader for long years before the "Flight of the Earls"; and of Owen Roe, victor at Benburb, before he was cut off by the sickness that left Ireland leaderless. We do not speak of the later names, Lord Edward, Wolfe Tone, Emmet,—and the list goes on to within living memory—whose forlorn hope was quenched almost before it kindled. These men belong to a different category. They were (and this is no time to discuss their justification) rebels against an established order; Sarsfield was in reality the last of those who strove against its establishment; who fought for Ireland against England more or less on equal terms.

The precise year of his birth is not known; he was about ten years old at the Restoration. He came of an old Norman family of the Pale, but there was a strong, perhaps even a virulent, admixture of the pure Celt in him, for his mother was a daughter of the rebel, Rory O'Moore. And though he succeeded to an estate of some £2,000 a year in county Dublin (worth at least £5,000 or £6,000 nowadays) which might well have predisposed him to acquiescence in any good composition, he kept a wild trick of his ancestors and was of no stuff to make a helot. Bred to military service, he saw his first campaigning, like most soldiers of that day, in the cockpit of Europe, serving under Luxembourg among the troops lent by Charles the Second to Louis the Fourteenth. Charles gave him a commission in his own guards, and the accession of James had naturally nothing disagreeable for a Catholic who is noted in one of the contemporary lists as having never conformed. He fought at Sedgemoor, and was severely wounded; he took a leading part in a cavalry skirmish on the King's side after the Prince of Orange had landed; and after James's flight he followed his master into France, proceeding thence, with James and the Duke of Berwick, to the landing at Kinsale in March, 1690.

Sarsfield was then in the prime of life, just turned, or turning forty. We know nothing of his employment during the first months of 1690, while the country was really in James's power, resistance only making itself sharply felt at Derry and Enniskillen.

We only know that James at this time had a low opinion of the brave, good-natured, gigantic Irishman; and it is scarcely probable that Sarsfield had a high opinion of James. The letters of Count d'Avaux, Louis's confidential agent, give a lamentable picture of the imbecility with which the Jacobite cause was then conducted. In Ireland itself everything was lacking, except men, and again and again the French observer dwells on the plenty and goodness of the recruits. To arm and drill these efficiently, to crush out the northern centres of resistance, to leave the expected invader without a base of support,—that was the urgent need. Next after this, the military problem, came the the political, which was complicated enough. Was the Act of Settlement to be undone? If so, how were Protestants to be treated who stood for King James? Should their property be confiscated, and restored to its original Catholic holders? Admitting that this section was negligible in numbers, what of the "New Interest" as it was called? How should the King deal with the claims of those Catholics who had acquired by purchase from Protestants property which the Protestants owed to confiscation? On all these points a resolute policy was needed, and the policy carried out by the Parliament was bold enough, for it was Tyrconnell's; but it was ill-seconded by James. James had, in a word, no mind to be King of Ireland, to govern Ireland as a King should. His eyes were fixed on the other side of the channel; he was always ready to abandon the certainty of gratifying and benefiting Ireland for the chance of not displeasing England. Louis proposed reciprocal arrangements to facilitate trade between Ireland and France, but though Ireland was in the last state of exhaustion for want of money, and a

springing up of commerce might spell salvation, James would not consent to consider her commercial interests, lest English merchants should take umbrage.

Thus it was under a nerveless king and a half-hearted direction that Sarsfield had to serve. He was employed with five hundred horse to keep the Enniskilleners in check, during the months before Schomberg landed in August. He was not however present at the rout of Newtown Butler which, coming on the top of the relief of Derry, lost to James all Ulster north of the Pale. But while James and de Rosen lay about Dundalk within striking distance of Schomberg's army, Sarsfield was sent into Connaught with a small body of troops. Here he exerted himself to such purpose that he raised two thousand men. In September Colonel Lloyd, in command at Sligo, crossed the Curlew mountains and with his Enniskilleners defeated a body of Jacobites at Boyle. The news was welcomed with glee in Schomberg's somewhat discontented army where as Schomberg wrote, "my Irish lords," were "for giving battle daily," and impatient for their share in the confiscation which already they saw in the near future. The Enniskilleners were praised to the skies and Schomberg, yielding to their representations, sent out Colonel Russell with a force of four hundred mounted men to cross the Shannon at Jamestown and, co-operating with troops from Sligo, to advance as far as Athlone along the Shannon and then take Galway. The result was different. Sarsfield attacked the invaders of Connaught, captured Russell and his whole body, and, according to a letter in the State Papers under date November 30th, "killed eight hundred foot and one hundred and twenty-five horse." In

any case the more important element of this success is certain. He took Sligo; and as one of Schomberg's officers writes on December 18th, "By the loss of Sligo we have lost the means of providing for more than half our cavalry." Three months later another correspondent expresses his assurance that measures will be taken for recovering Sligo, "it being of great importance, the reducing of almost four counties depending wholly upon it." But Sligo was not retaken, and the whole of Connaught was held for King James.

This is the first of the only two successes personally and solely attributable to Sarsfield. We have no word of him for months after this till we find him at the Boyne. In that ill-matched encounter, where James's troops, outnumbered and unprovided, did no more but certainly no less than was to be looked for, Sarsfield had no active part. William began by a movement of his right, sending some six thousand men who crossed the Boyne from its northern bank at Slane where the ford was defended only by a body of eight hundred dragoons. As tidings of this came to head-quarters, James and his commander-in-chief, the Frenchman Lauzun, marched by their left with the main of the French troops, and separating themselves by a couple of miles from their centre and right came face to face with William's right wing under Portland. The two forces stood facing each other, and Sarsfield, who was with James's bodyguard, was sent out to reconnoitre. He reported that the order to attack which James had given could not be carried out, as the bottom of the valley held a stream between deep ditches, and beyond this lay an impassable bog. James therefore remained for a while inactive, and then began his retreat to Dublin—Sarsfield

with the bodyguard accompanying him; for in the meanwhile William's main body had forced the crossing at the lower fords which James and Lauzun had left scantily defended.

Yet though Sarsfield's part in this action was so small, there is evidence that he shared in none of the ignominies of defeat. Macaulay quotes from a contemporary dramatic lampoon, "The Royal Flight," in which Sarsfield is represented in heroic colours: the King protesting, "This fellow will make me brave in spite of myself;" and Sarsfield meanwhile cursing at the orders which kept him with the reserves. If this was his repute in England, we may guess at it in Ireland. But it was only after the Boyne, and after James had fled to France, that Sarsfield began to assume the place which he has since held in the eyes of his countrymen. Tyrconnell, left as Viceroy, had no desire to prolong the struggle; his wife, a sister of Marlborough's duchess, was in Paris, and intrigued to prevent Louvois from sending fresh help to Ireland. She had no hard task, for Paris was full of accounts of Irish cowardice, which put a better colour on the defeat of a French army. In Ireland itself Lauzun was sick of the business, and, honestly or not, was convinced like Tyrconnell that the situation could not be retrieved. If events ultimately justified their forecast, it must be remembered that these leaders co-operated with fate, and at the very outset, their estimate of the resistance which could be opposed to William was magnificently refuted.

To Limerick the whole forces of the Irish had gathered, by no orders but as if, says O'Kelly, the author of *MACARIÆ EXCIDIIUM*, "drawn by some secret instinct." The question arose whether Limerick could be defended. Lauzun declared that the fortifications



"could be battered down with roasted apples." Tyrconnell supported him. On the other hand Sarsfield, who had no official position, but was admittedly (since Richard Hamilton had been captured at the Boyne) the ablest of the Irish officers, stood out for a defence. His personal ascendancy with the Irish troops was such that the official leaders gave way; and a resolution was passed (in Tyrconnell's absence) that Sarsfield should command in chief next to the Captain General, Tyrconnell himself—thus superseding Lauzun. It is hard to say what official validity attached to this decision—probably none. Sarsfield's position from first to last depended solely on the affection which he inspired and on the activity which he displayed. And even that activity, by removing him from the focus of intrigue, shook his authority. General Douglas had been sent by William from Dublin to seize Athlone, the key of Clare and Connaught. But Colonel Grace, the Governor, held it for ten days, and meanwhile Sarsfield had moved swiftly out of Limerick, and at the news of his approach the siege was raised. He was recalled by Tyrconnell, but again sent out to watch the movements of William's army; and in his absence the proposal to surrender was again urged persistently by the official chiefs, and the men of the New Interest who feared worse than any English conquest a return of the Irish to power. But when William's approach drove Sarsfield back to Limerick all talk of surrender ceased, and the work of fortification was hotly pushed on. Yet the ill feeling was in no way subdued, and before William had reached the left bank of the Shannon, Lauzun with all his French marched up the right bank to Galway, whither Tyrconnell followed them, on the evening after William's appearance—

drawing off as he went all the regiments that were guarding the fords. Under these circumstances the Irish were to fight for their own hand. Boisseleau, a French officer who was left as governor of the town, and the Duke of Berwick, then a youth of twenty, showed however a different spirit, and put down sharply those of the New Interest who still upheld Tyrconnell's policy of surrender.

Sarsfield's actual part in the siege is difficult to determine. But accounts agree in making him more than any man responsible for the decision to defend the place, and for the spirit in the troops which justified that decision. And, above all, the brilliant feat of arms which in the first days checked the besiegers and heartened the besieged was his, both in conception and execution. William secured without trouble one of the fords which Tyrconnell had left undefended. But the town defied him from behind its walls; and, led by his knowledge of Tyrconnell's vacillations to hope that his appearance might determine a surrender without fighting, he had run ahead of his battering-train. On the night after William reached Limerick a French deserter came in, and from him news was obtained that the convoy was expected. Sarsfield instantly volunteered to cut it off. He slipped out by night, with six hundred horse, guided by Galloping Hogan, a famous rapparee, rode hard to the ford by Killaloe, and encamped on the slopes of Keeper mountain. Scouts sent out in the morning brought word that the convoy would reach Ballyneety next evening, and make their last halt before marching into camp. Sarsfield, lying concealed on the side of Keeper, watched the plain country along which the heavy train toiled. At night he made his swoop; the countersign was obtained by a trick, and the word, it is said, was "Sarsfield"! The out-



posts were passed, and the escort of musketeers and dragoons, attacked where they lay, were cut down or fled, leaving the guns—six of 24 lb., two eighteens, and five mortars, with one hundred and fifty-three waggons of ammunition and near a score of pontoons. Orders were quickly given; one party dug holes in the ground, another rammed the guns to the muzzle with powder and wadded it tight home, another smashed the pontoons and piled the *débris* with the ammunition and waggons in a heap. Then the guns were sunk in the holes dug for them, muzzles down in the earth, and a train was laid. One can see the swiftness and the glee with which such orders would be carried out by a body of Irishmen working as Irishmen will work on a dangerous and exciting employ, for there was always the prospect of a fresh escort arriving, and in fact one was on its way. But the match was lit; a stupendous flash and roar carried the story to William's camp, and to the relieving party as they rode; and the raiders were off and away on their homeward ride.

It was a superb *coup*, which heartened the besieged and did much to efface the depression left by the rout at the Boyne; and it heightened Sarsfield's prestige and determination. But it was the feat of a dashing officer, not of a great general; and at best it occasioned a week's delay, for William brought up a new battering train from the nearest port. In the meantime, it seems, from O'Kelly's very circumstantial account, that Sarsfield was summoned from Limerick to a council of war at Galway, and was there when letters came from the governor to describe the spirited resistance to William's attack. There is no reason to believe that Sarsfield was present at or took part in the heroic defence of

that town, or the battle in the streets in which William's army was repulsed with so heavy a loss that the siege had to be abandoned—a defence as fine as any in history. Sarsfield is nowhere mentioned by contemporaries as present, and it is hard to believe that he could have been there and inconspicuous. But it may be fairly said that, more than any single man, Sarsfield was the animating spirit of that magnificent resistance.

There is no reason to underestimate this success; and once it was gained the Irish were in a better position to make terms. But when all is said and done, it comes simply to this. History proves that Ireland might, with more vigorous aid from France than she received, have been held for King James or King Louis. Even with the resources that were available, something might have been done had Sarsfield headed the Irish army, and had a free hand. Several letters in the State Papers emphasise the difficulty—sufficiently proved before—of completely subjugating the Irish. Too numerous to be killed in fight, disease and famine could alone be relied on, says one writer, to crush out the race. And to maintain an army that should so devastate the country as to accomplish this was by no means easy, for English soldiers died fast in Irish campaigning. It seems probable in truth that resistance in the central parts of Ireland could have been almost indefinitely prolonged. But the factor always dominant in Ireland's history was never more felt than at this period. England, controlling the sea, could make descents at her own time and place. With the help of France this might at that time have been checked, but France was half-hearted in support of the Irish campaign; and consequently after the failure at Limerick William soon gained a compensating

success in a maritime expedition. John Churchill, sent to capture the ports of Cork and Kinsale, performed the task with the same skill and good fortune that made him, later, world-famous. Hints that he embezzled the stores captured at Kinsale, which recur in the State Papers, foreshadow the other side of his character. But none the less Cork and Kinsale were taken and the Irish held only Connaught and the line of the Shannon.

Nevertheless in November of this year, 1690, Mr. Terence McDermott of Galway wrote to his correspondent at Boulogne, "The enemy are dying fast and our men are in good health." He had word also that His Majesty of France was resolved to stand by them, "which if he does effectually, the country may yet be retrieved." About the new year, Ginkel, whom William had left in command, planned an attempt to take Lanesborough and establish a post west of the Shannon; but the project failed ignominiously, according to a letter of Lord Lisburn's. Sir John Larier, whose co-operation should have secured the result aimed at, feared that Sarsfield might get between him and Dublin. The fear was groundless according to Lord Lisburn, but it speaks of the power of the Irish leader's name. Meanwhile Sarsfield was busy putting Ballymore into a state of defence, which he considered should guard the access to Athlone. It might have, had guns and ammunition been forthcoming to arm its walls. Letters from the Lords Justices in these months are surprisingly depressed in tone. A correspondent of Coningsby's, writing in February, 1691, points out that the occupation of Ballymore renders impossible the projected establishment of a magazine at Mullingar. "I cannot help wishing the war was ended on any terms," the letter continues; and the writer proceeds to speak of

the sending out a proclamation, "which gives them all the hopes imaginable yet does not engage the King in anything." If many Irish show signs of catching at the chance, the King is then to offer a general pardon, which, offered at some critical time, "may do the business." And Lord Carmarthen writing to the King on February 20th says nakedly, "Your affairs in Ireland seem to me now in so ill a posture"—that, in brief, the Lords Justices should be replaced by a single ruler.

The gist of all this evidence is that the success at Limerick, though counterbalanced by the loss of Cork and Kinsale, was real and far reaching; inasmuch that terms of composition had now to be recommended excessively painful to those who recommended them. An example is afforded by the writer of a letter to Coningsby who laboriously exculpates himself from the suspicion of any desire to show leniency to the Irish. But there is another side to the picture. When the armies on either side went into winter quarters, Lauzun determined to return to France (taking with him the field train of artillery), and Tyrconnell accompanied him. These two men had persistently underrated to Louis and to James the force of the Irish resistance. Finding them gone, Sarsfield and the chief men of the Irish party attempted to make it impossible for Tyrconnell to return, and requested the Duke of Berwick to assume the Viceroyalty. They urged that the arrangement made by Tyrconnell for government in his absence was wholly illegal, Tyrconnell having delegated military affairs to a council of twelve officers, and civil affairs to a council of twelve other persons. Berwick, however, sharply rebuked the deputies for this proposal. But he could not prevent, if indeed he wished to do so, the war party from sending over delegates

to represent their view of the case at the French Court. This they did and with good effect. But in the meantime great confusion reigned. These two executive councils with ill-defined powers and dubious authority were naturally ineffective, and practically the administration seems to have lain in the hands of Berwick and Sarsfield. Berwick, according to O'Kelly, was mainly concerned with his pleasures; Sarsfield, who meant well, issued a multitude of "clashing orders" and countenanced the confusions which naturally arose from the presence of an ill-disciplined army by the easy good nature with which he signed any paper that was put before him.

Nevertheless the man won golden opinions. His biographer, Dr. Todhunter, quotes from the French records an encomium from the Abbé Gravel, an agent of Louvois, who writes that Sarsfield "keeps our men always on the alert" and shows wonderful resource in obtaining intelligence of the enemy's movements and in annoying them with skirmishes. Berwick also at this time took the practical step of making the Irish leader Governor of Connaught, but in after years he spoke slightly of his ability and contemptuously of his vanity. If Sarsfield thought that he was the only soldier, French or Irish, who had achieved distinction on James's side—except indeed Richard Hamilton on the day of the Boyne—he had no bad right to think it; and yet on the military executive of twelve appointed by Tyrconnell, his name had been put last. Some recognition of his services was made when Tyrconnell the undesired returned to take up again the reins of power, for he brought Sarsfield a patent for the Earldom of Lucan; and there was a show of reconciliation between the Captain General and his too zealous and popular subordinate. But, ac-

cording to O'Kelly, Tyrconnell did his best to conceal what was the truth; that Louis, moved by the representations of the war party's deputies, was sending to Ireland a competent general with a fresh supply of arms. Sarsfield got the news by private message from the deputies, and forced Tyrconnell's hand by making public proclamation of the fact in Galway where James's viceroy was keeping high state.

There is no evidence that Sarsfield was jealous that a Frenchman should be put over his head; this had indeed come to be part of the natural order in Ireland. But the final campaign had fully begun by May when St. Ruth arrived at Limerick. Ginkel had moved on Ballymore, aiming at Athlone; and his first attempt had been ineffectual, ending in a withdrawal, dictated, according to a letter of the Williamite General Mackay, by the fear lest Sarsfield should cut his communications. The mind of William's party was by no means hopeful, as we find it reflected in the State Papers. But in May they report news of "great dissensions" among the Irish. St. Ruth on arriving had claimed to command on behalf not of James but of the King of France. This was in no way likely to shock Tyrconnell, who for long had openly welcomed the idea of substituting King Louis for King James; but for a while Sarsfield refused to serve under the Frenchman on these terms. This may account for the "suspicious jealousy" (to quote Dr. Todhunter) with which St. Ruth regarded the man best fitted to help him.

The state of affairs in May before the serious fighting began may be inferred from one or two letters. On May 28th Coningsby's correspondent wrote describing the commanding position held by the Irish army, which, stationed at Lough Rea,

could move quickly to reinforce either Limerick or Athlone. For the English, success depended upon getting over the Shannon. A demonstration against Galway by the fleet was strongly urged. On the same date Sir Charles Porter wrote to Sydney proposing a proclamation giving "large terms." He knew, he said, that "the English here will be offended if the Irish are not quite beggared"; and he assumed that the House of Commons would be furious if they saw the land gone, by grants of which they had counted to pay the army. Nevertheless, it was "absolutely necessary to end the war this summer." He enclosed therefore the draft of a proclamation to be issued after the first considerable success. The gist of this was to offer explicitly amnesty and free restoration of estates to all who should submit; and to guarantee to Catholics free exercise of their religion. This proclamation was never issued because events took a turn more favourable than could have been hoped.

Ginkel captured Ballymore, which indeed should never have been defended, the guns being weak and the supply of powder short. Thence at his leisure he marched on Athlone and took by assault the English town which is on the east bank. But the defenders blew up the bridge before they crossed, and Ginkel was not yet across the Shannon. That same evening St. Ruth marched his army to within two miles of the Irish town, and in his opinion secured the position. Ginkel, he said, deserved to be hung for attempting to cross, and he himself should be hung if Ginkel succeeded. And indeed crossing was difficult, for in spite of a tremendous bombardment the Irish clung to their trenches with a determination which even the Williamite historians praise. And when at last

it seemed as if the town was lost, for the attackers had succeeded in throwing beams and planks across the broken arches of the bridge and fixing them in position, ten men headed by a sergeant of dragoons volunteered to cut away the woodwork. They tore up the planks by main force, then worked with saw and axe on the beams till the last man of them was killed. Eleven more rushed on the bridge and hewed on under the concentrated fire of an army, till beam after beam was severed, and at last the work was done. Two men out of the two-and-twenty came back alive, "but," says Dr. Todhunter, "the last beam of the new-laid bridge was floating down the Shannon."

This was on June 28th. On the 29th Ginkel planned and tried an assault by fording the river, and by a pontoon bridge. But St. Ruth promptly threw troops into the town and the attempt was abandoned. St. Ruth, having thus demonstrated the impossibility of crossing, folded his hands; and Ginkel was ready to retreat, when he learned that the defences of the town had been left for the next day to two regiments of the rawest recruits. Next day accordingly the assault was tried again and with perfect success; not unnaturally, as the recruits were apparently provided with but two rounds of ammunition apiece—in spite of their colonel's protestations. Maxwell, a Scotch Jacobite, (for everyone commanded in Ireland under James but Irishmen,) replied to a request for bullets by asking "if they wanted to shoot laverocks." Athlone was taken in half an hour; the French officer in charge, D'Usson, was at dinner and returned to meet the fugitives escaping. Meanwhile word had come to St. Ruth, who was going out on a shooting party, that the English were crossing. Sarsfield, who

was with them, urged him to send reinforcements; St. Ruth laughed in his face, declaring an attack impossible, and a quarrel broke out. Nothing was done till nothing could be done, for the curtain on the Connaught side which should have been thrown down was still standing, and was promptly manned by Ginkel against any reinforcements. St. Ruth by his own showing deserved hanging.

After this, fresh differences arose; the Irish retreated, and Berwick—who had left Ireland before this, however—says they did wrong, since the English were hemmed in by bogs at Athlone. But Sarsfield was for playing a waiting game, and risking no battle against Ginkel's trained troops. For St. Ruth, however, reputation could only be retrieved by a great victory, and he only sought to give battle in an advantageous spot. Aughrim offered what he looked for, and there the stand was made, the final stake was played for. All that energy could do seems to have been done by St. Ruth to strengthen his position and hearten the rank and file; but Sarsfield, the natural leader of the Irish, was posted with the reserve of cavalry, behind the hill on the slope of which St. Ruth stood, and thus out of sight of the field. He had strict orders not to stir till called on to advance. The battle was fought with great determination, right, left, and centre, and St. Ruth more than maintained his ground. At last the moment came when the English were in disorder below him all along the lower slopes of the hill, and St. Ruth called on his reserve. But he called up half only, and chose to lead it himself, leaving Sarsfield with the other half, and repeating his direction not to stir without orders. As the charge began St. Ruth was struck down by a cannon-ball and the effect was paralysing. The charge wavered;

Mackay seeing his advantage pressed on, turned the Irish left, and the first that Sarsfield knew of what had happened was from the sight of the broken Irish foot streaming over the hill. All that he could do was to draw the fugitives together and conduct the retreat. A document in the French archives quoted by Dr. Todhunter says:

Colonel Sarsfield who commanded the enemy in their retreat did wonders, and if he was not killed or taken it was not from any fault of his.

But is it not among the strangest things in history that this man, who stands to Ireland for the very ideal of the Irish soldier-patriot, should have been present at the two decisive battles in Ireland's last struggle, and struck a blow in neither, at least till the day was lost? Of his courage there is no question. His ability as a soldier is proved by the fact that within little more than a year after he had entered the French service, with no interest to back him but the shadowy prestige of the Stuarts, he received his baton as Marshal. But the tragic thing, for Irish readers at least, is that his courage and his ability were always denied the opportunity to be employed to their uttermost in the service of Ireland.

After Aughrim no one disputed his right to be the leader of the Irish, but after Aughrim the stake was lost. Sarsfield with some five thousand men retreated at first to the Clare mountains; but while Ginkel moved slowly towards Limerick, thither also Sarsfield drew to oppose him. The town had been strengthened by new fortifications, but it appears to have been defended principally by the memory of its former resistance. Ginkel at all events determined not to assault, though he was well aware that supports were expected from France, and



though he was very short of supplies. Under these circumstances, the commanders began to negotiate. Sarsfield knew that the game was up; he knew his rank and file to be broken in spirit, his staff of officers honeycombed with treachery. On the other hand he knew, as Ginkel knew, the probable effect of encampment on the swamps about Limerick on an English army; he knew that the French ships might any day appear in the Shannon. It is evident that in the negotiation Ginkel got the better, for the treaty was made on terms less generous than the Lords Justices were prepared to grant; and two days after the treaty was signed the French fleet came into Dingle Bay.

In a sense the fact that the Lords Justices were ready if necessary to give more than Sarsfield got from them is Sarsfield's condemnation; and he was blamed even by friendly writers, such as O'Kelly, for not making better terms for the Irish. But after all, the point is academic. If the less generous conditions were not kept, what likelihood is there that terms more generous would have been observed. Sarsfield succeeded so far as this, that he forced from the English a treaty which they could not break without forfeiting their honour, nor keep without forfeiting their inclination. The treaty made was broken, as all the world knows, and Ireland would have been only a theoretic gainer by three or four extra clauses, which would have been equally ill observed. Yet there is this to be added, that in such a treaty every Irishman should have known that fear and not honour was the true guarantee. Sarsfield handed over

his country tied and bound by those articles which secured to himself and his army the right to avoid submission by accepting a foreign service. Eleven thousand men of his fourteen thousand volunteered to follow him to France, setting the example of that disastrous emigration which continued for a hundred years. Still, perhaps the main reason why Sarsfield is held so high as a hero by the Irish is that he never compromised; he never accepted defeat, and the position of inferiority. Another reason, and a good one, why his name has more power than those of greater and more successful leaders is that he fought not for himself but for Ireland. Sarsfield could at any time have secured lands and position by accepting William's rule; or at least he had good right to think so, though he too, after a few years, would have found himself denied the right to own a horse worth more than five pounds. He fought for a principle. The great lords, Shane and Hugh O'Neill, and the O'Donnells, fought each for his own principality; the idea of an Ireland that was a whole, making the first claim on every Irishman, was scarcely evolved till Ireland was united by the final conquest. Owen Roe is the only man who stands in a position like Sarsfield's, and he stands higher by right. Yet there is scarcely the glamour about him that has shaped itself into the traditional picture of Sarsfield's death; the tall Irishman, in his gorgeous marshal's uniform, lying there on the field of Landen, and, as he looked at the life-blood flowing, muttering to himself, "Would to God this were for Ireland."



## THE CULT OF EMOTIONS.

THE Advance of Civilisation is a catchword of our times, and possibly a somewhat over-rated catchword. It is the right thing now-a-days to proclaim the advance of civilisation as the foremost aim of mankind, and the nation which can make the swiftest progress in the path is considered to be approaching the maximum of national happiness. Certainly the advance is to be measured by strides, and every year sees its blessings extended to some reluctant tribe which has hitherto stood outside their pale and shows no desire to take its place within.

The word is elastic. It includes new needs born by the thousand in the neurotic brains which we are beginning to consider normal, and it includes also the various physical and moral paps which go to supply them and enable them in their turn to generate fresh imaginary necessities. Need, as always, breeds supply, and after a time the need and its supply link so closely that one is implicit when the other is mentioned, and the one much enduring word civilisation is stretched to cover both. Some day we may find that, like all elastics, its stretching powers are limited, and then, if we try to pack anything else within its circle, it will break and perhaps the reaction may take us back to simpler methods. But as yet we have not reached the limit, though we have stretched and strained after it, and nobody knows at all when we shall do so. A century ago, probably, our forefathers thought that the progress of civilisation could hardly go much farther, but it only gathers force, not to say fanaticism, with the

centuries. It is becoming habit. We will glance at the cause presently, but about the habit we shall all agree. It is like intoxication and grows on us. We almost measure a man's refinement by the number of things he wants and supplies for himself. Year by year our fancied needs and their supply become more and more varied and artificial. We cry out for this and that as necessities of existence which our calmer and hardier forefathers regarded as luxuries easily dispensed with. We wring out comforts for ourselves from every force of physical and human nature, and after a surprisingly short time we regard these superfluities as essential conditions of life. Indeed they actually become almost essential, for our imagination asserts its subtle power of creating an unwholesome reality from a fixed habit of unreal thought.

The power of translating thought to reality is an integral part of the nature of imagination, and it has inspired a great deal of action and energy which in themselves are intangible possessions that no nation can expediently spare, and which have resulted in tangible possessions that are still more widely appreciated. Let imagination busy itself with wholesome matters touching a wider field than one's own personality, and the realities it produces will be wide and healthy too. But we have overstrained our imaginations by letting them work in the narrow and unwholesome area of our own requirements, and the realities they produce are no longer healthy. So soon, however, as we have once

realised the results in the numberless refinements of civilisation thus rendered essential to us, we shut our eyes to the weakening influence which such conditions exert,—we refuse to see that, in spite of splendid survivals of the old state of things, we are as a whole, softer, weaker, far less solid and sturdy, mentally, physically and morally, than were our ancestors.

Civilisation, in the modern interpretation of the word, is striking hard at the sane and wholesome poise of our mental balance. Already we can hardly distinguish our real requirements from those we materialise from our own brains. To meet our half-phantom needs, we are well content to make our modern life one of incessant strain and stress. The rush of life gets its strongest impetus from them, and the rush is so universal that each man of the crowd pushes his neighbour and is pushed himself, till it is becoming almost impossible to stand sanely aside and watch it go by.

That this is a fair statement of the condition in which we find ourselves to-day, I think few will deny, and the result is sufficiently serious and alarming. Our nerves are strung to meet ordinary requirements and will not stand the extraordinary strain we are imposing on them. In every direction of human activity we see the dominant influence of overstrung nerves, and they are directly responsible for three-fourths of the currents of modern thought and action over which level-headed men and moralists alike lament.

Nobody can maintain that moralists and level-headed men are always synonymous; which is an unfortunate fact no doubt, but a fact that in many cases remains. And the moralists' lament does not, in the large majority of instances, go to the root of this matter. It is not our

morals that are wrong; it is not want of good morality that makes so many of us think wrongly and therefore act wrongly. So far as theoretic morals go, we are safe enough, safer perhaps than we have ever been before. Our ideals are high, and our reverence for them is grounded deep in the nation's heart. We aim as a whole at a high standard of clean and kindly thought and life. It is not our want of a high morality or of belief in it that produces perfervid and shallow agitators for change in every direction, that writes books which would be much better unwritten, and that supplies followers to every man who cries that he can lead. No, it is something apart from our morals, it is the love of emotions springing from harassed and overstrung nerves. Nerves worked too hard turn instinctively to stimulant, the more morbid the better, for the stimulant of morbid action, or thought, or spectacle, is the greatest that can be obtained. Like every stimulant, it has a serious reaction, and in the reaction diseases of thought and view are developed; but for the time the stimulant is effectual.

We are naturally something of a stolid people. If we were not, we should not stand high among the nations as we have done and do. Great is stolidity, for this it has gained us! Gallantry in feats of arms, and genius, and diplomatic skill will do much, and we have them all, but it is the cool patience which continues on its course despite everything that wins the front place and keeps it, and this quality only the stolid have. Given a nation with any amount of pluck and genius and gallantry, and these only, and if it gain the front place, it will not keep it, for others with an equal or perhaps superior equipment of these things will try to shoulder it out; sooner or later persistent shouldering will cause

its first enthusiasm to flag; before long it will get discouraged, and at last it will nervously back out of the way. But add a fair share of steady-nerved stolidity, and it does not matter who shoulders it; its nerves are not affected, it will not budge an inch from the ground it has gained, and with slow patience it will gradually edge a little more and still a little more forward. The men who built our empire were not high-strung lovers of emotions, any more than are the men who keep it, or the empire-makers who still add to it. They are stern, cold, restrained, holding in and back from waste of force in emotion; they are men who know that vital force is capable of better things, and refuse to squander it by letting their nerves run riot; they are men who compel their way ahead by sheer solid and stolid weight. Behind it, it is true, are fire and swoop and swiftness, but the calm-nerved stolidity is continuous and the flash and the swoop only occasional, and effectual then because restrained so long. When vitality is squandered in the direction of excitement and emotions, there is none left to make enduring qualities from; it has fermented until it is worthless. The morbid seeking to satisfy emotions has accompanied the decadence of nations before, and if we are not careful will sap our national strength and bring us down from our high place. We have confidence in ourselves, and this confidence has been justified a thousand times, for it has been founded on the rock of ourselves. Our confidence remains, but what will happen if the rock is being undermined? It is no good to point to this or that man whose force has dominated his fellows and led them to results which equal the greatest achievements of saner times, and to declare that such men prove their nation to have as fine material as

ever. They do prove it. Who contests it? The fine material is not used up; nay, there is still a large amount in its raw state that as yet has not deteriorated at all. But if the means of preserving it fail, we are in a bad way. And with a morbid craving for excitement eating more and more into our life, with the restlessness and strain and want of pause that produce that craving always at work, we are bound, to seek to satisfy ourselves with stimulants and mental food that are unhealthy because the craving they satisfy is unhealthy, and that cannot produce strong and healthy minds and actions.

It is rather the fashion nowadays to cry out on the degenerate taste that finds satisfaction in watching every change of expression on the face of a man on trial for his life. It is true that it is only a more subtle form of the pleasure that some southern nations have found in sports which we term brutal. But it is a much more serious matter, for the seeking for emotional excitement is not an intrinsic point of the English character, and when a nation exhibits signs of morbid tendencies entirely alien to its natural temperament, it is time to examine the cause with the fear of results before our eyes. The sight of torture is one that rouses jaded nerves, and through them emotion, as hardly anything else will do. Mental torture we declare ourselves pitiful over (and so in fact we are), but we cannot show it because our harassed nerves cry out for something that will rouse them from the irritable torpor that we instinctively feel is not health. We are pitiful over the tortured, but still I am not using sarcasm when I say that if there is a chance of watching his torture we cannot deny ourselves. Therefore when a public exhibition is given of a peculiarly painful case, we crowd to look on,

and note with morbid intentness every detail of the agony. The virus of emotional analysis is spreading, and is gnawing at the root of strength of brain and character. We are losing much that we cannot afford to lose, and if the inner national strength is destroyed our outward and visible strength must eventually vanish also.

The same tendency shows dangerously in our lighter literature and in our drama. If we cannot have unwholesome excitement furnished to us by our fellows (and we prefer realism when we can get it) then we will have it in semblance. Consequently we write novels dealing with problems which cannot be fairly discussed in fiction owing to the necessities of the very nature of fiction, and plays which *analyse*, with the sole view of stimulating our emotions and playing on our passions. We are not even over particular as to the verity of the process. So long as there is analysis of something morbid or prurient, we consider that we have the essential, and whether the truth may or may not be present is a matter about which we do not over much concern ourselves. An artificial chemical compound, provided only that it be well arranged and give out a pungent odour, will do as well as one of nature's providing; even though the odour be nasty the pungency is always stimulating. But it must not be too prolonged, lest it lose its power. In literature of more wholesome type, we feel this still more strongly. What chance would a book of the length to which our older novelists used to extend theirs have with us now? None whatever. The action must be sharp and rapid, the excitement must never flag, and the climax must not be too long delayed,—this is an essential point with us if we may not have *character—analysis*, or, as we should in most cases say if we spoke

accurately, *analysis of emotion*. Still the two show strong symptoms of becoming identical.

In theology, the creeping paralysis of this cult of emotions shows even more unmistakable signs. Where is the religious faddist who cannot find followers by the score if only he be sufficiently blatant? We bid fair to lose the dignity, and almost the power, of self-control in this as in other directions. One of the most successful religious organisations of the day, the Salvation Army, scores its triumphs mainly by undisguised appeal to emotions of the obvious and primitive kind. Yet now even they must look to their laurels if they would not be outdone, for dignified bodies struck by their success are copying them on a slightly staidier scale, and individuals who are not dignified at all, have but to cry aloud that they have a divine commission, and lo! we wish to behold, even if we scoff as well,—for is it not a new sensation? It is true these things do not last. If sometimes they did show some signs of permanence, perhaps they would be a less grave sign of mischief. But the steadfast holding to a belief, such as fitted our forefathers, is not for the majority of us. We are even a little inclined to think that it shows restricted mental power. A man who in old days was supposed to know something of his subject wrote contemptuously of those who were carried about by every wind of doctrine, that they were "children," but we know that this man had seen Deity face to face, and, as our newer enlightenment would doubtless explain, the interview must have confused him and made his after views of truth comparatively valueless.

Where is this yielding to neurotic emotions going to end? Must overstrung and overtired nerves acquired by heredity (for it is coming to that

now), and aggravated by the very atmosphere of our social system, end in the sinking of our sane and steadfast national character in a morass of hysterical cravings and hysterical deeds? Unless some check can be applied, it looks like it. It is true the disease is not fully developed, is, it may be, only in its initial stage. But no symptoms of it are wanting, and symptoms are bound to develop unless they receive attention. Even the classes which are to some extent protected by mental powers trained through generations to wholesome poise, are becoming infected by it. We find military officers of high rank, who, when confronted by a serious position, lose their heads, and afterwards wail out denials of the fact with hysterical repetitions that no device will avail to silence. We find the masses and the classes at one in an equally hysterical outburst of adulation and enthusiasm offered to men who have made desolate thousands of English homes, and whose tactics, in accomplishing this achievement, only a short time ago brought on them deep and well-deserved reproaches from the very lips that are now loud in their praise. Emotion! emotion! there is the key to it all. Let everything go, if we can but indulge our growing tendency to rouse and satisfy emotion.

When the reaction that follows an outburst sets in, we come to a calmer frame of mind, and are a little ashamed of ourselves, and we write articles and make allusions in our speeches to show that our outbursts are at root entirely different from those of some of our excitable southern neighbours. While we admit that there is a striking resemblance, we comfort ourselves with the reflection that they spring from entirely diverse sources. But this is nonsense. We are in a less advanced stage of the fever, and that

is all we can truthfully say, for the same infection is in us. Its incubation is slow; but its later stages, on which we are entering, are more rapid; its end is national decay,—maybe, national destruction. The phrase sounds strong, but it is not a whit stronger than those that half the world's newspapers applied not long ago to a nation suffering from the same worship of emotions in a more advanced stage. If, as some have thought, the exhibition of disease in unveiled horror is an object lesson that carries its own cure, we had one then, and we were not sparing of our denunciations. "Decadent" was the mildest term to fling at France when she howled over the Dreyfus case, and I have not seen that anyone has thought it necessary to retract that verdict. Such a condition must of necessity develop with us too, slowly, it may be, but surely, if emotions are allowed to assume the mastery of us, for beyond doubt it is the most responsive side of a man that will govern him if he yield to it, be the process never so gradual. If we continue this mad craze for emotions, it is the cause that appeals most powerfully to us on that side that will win our adherence.

Now a party can make very dramatic appeals, can put its case in a way that will give a good many pleasurable and exciting sensations. And the thrills that you will experience in an enthusiastic support of your party are many, and by no means to be despised. A political party is a well fenced-in affair; the excitement is confined to comparatively few, and therefore they feel it in all its invigorating force. Love of country is a much wider and nobler thing, but, save for the temporary fits of military ardour which come and go, we do not find it easy to get emotional satisfaction from it, and

before this worship of hysteria true patriotism is bound to vanish, as we have seen it vanish in other nations.

It is a base thing, this new cult of ours, and must show constantly increasing baseness. For, until we become experts at playing melodrama to ourselves, we shall find that our country's enemies will frequently put their case with greater picturesqueness than we put our own. In this direction we have many object lessons before our eyes. Let our enemies but get their views presented with adequate dramatic point, and with a due appeal to our feelings, and Englishmen whom a saner generation would have scouted as mad, or worse, rave and rant in their support, and find no abuse too violent to fling at their fellows who have maintained a steady head and are behaving as loyal and gallant Englishmen have always done.

Some of these facts have been noticed by observant eyes, and ascribed to dread of pain, to cosmo-

politanism, to wider knowledge shutting out narrower virtues,—as if wider knowledge ever did, or ever will do that. They are due to none of these causes; the mischief goes deeper. Hysteria is asserting its place in our national temperament, and so long as we refuse to recognise the fact it will grow worse, and hysteria spells weakness in letters so large that we cannot long refuse to read them. Let us continue to give way to this weak and weakening love of emotions, as we are now giving way to it, and we shall finally find ourselves sinking in that morass which we have considered not unsuitable for others, but which is deeper than the lowest depths that we have ever contemplated for ourselves. We and the world alike must suffer,—to what bitter extent only Fate can show—if this new strain in us prove as ineradicable as it is far-spreading.

G. WOODHAMS.



## A VICTIM OF ROMANCE.

WHEN the youngest Fräulein Blumenthal quitted the school in the Taubenstrasse for a wedded and wider life, she left a flutter of romance behind her. The older pupils dreamed further into the future than before, and began to let down the tucks of their skirts; Patricia Warren, the English parlour-boarder, discussed the ethics of marriage with a frankness calculated to raise German eyebrows; while Anna and Olga, on whom the responsibility of the establishment now rested, may, in musing on their sister's happiness, have inquired of Fate, a little wistfully perhaps, concerning their own. In fact, that Olga did so, is certain; for, into the oak chest, which she had partially filled as a girl against the chance of happy needs, she took to dropping pretty embroidered white things once more. She also read over some ancient sonnets, which had been smuggled in to her by the good offices of the cook, many summers ago, from a young poet who had lived next door. Then she had laughed at the sentiment and admired the style; now it was the style she laughed at and the sentiment she admired.

The poet's villa had long been shut up, while the poet's father chased health among the invalid haunts of the Riviera, and the garden which he had paced was weed-grown; but as she sat sighing on the balcony of an evening, Olga could still see him, in fancy, beneath his sycamores, and wondered sometimes what would have happened had his love been spoken instead of rhymed.

For a woman of her attractions it

was a flimsy romance to be dwelling on after such a lapse of time; but, since poverty had forced the sisters to keep school, their lives had been almost conventually aloof from men. Now that the gate had opened for one, however, escape for another seemed possible. Olga had always been a voracious reader of love tales. The name of her favourite magazine was WEDDING BELLS; and, sharpened by the stimulus of real wedding bells, her appetite for such literature became insatiable. Under pretence of correcting exercises, she would slip off to the empty class-room which opened on to her beloved balcony, and there midnight would find her in the devious paths by which penny fiction leads its heroines to the altar.

She had no taste for tragedy; and once, when a gallant tale of the stern-parent-and-rope-ladder school, which had entranced her for weeks, collapsed wantonly in halters and tombs, she was so annoyed, that she rewrote the last chapter into a *crescendo* of bank-notes and blessings, and so eased her mind.

That was the beginning of her literary career. Henceforth she created her own lovers, and conducted their affairs personally. She had a facile style, and met the difficulty of inventing plots by following up her first experiment, and adapting those of other people. The stories she liked best in WEDDING BELLS were by one *Bayard*, and these she modified to suit her fancy. Out of his brigands and assassins she made parental ogres and jealous rivals, while in his full-blooded heroines she

left just enough of the vital fluid to tinge the alabaster cheeks of her own. The editor's nose for plagiarism cannot have been offensively nice. Perhaps he took the reasonable view that when only one stock theme is acceptable, the slightest variant is original matter. At any rate Olga appeared in his columns unchallenged.

But though unmolested as to the genesis of her plots, and passing proud to see herself in print, in plucking success she did not pluck a thornless rose. As a responsible guardian of youth she had, of course, no business to be arranging elopements and circumventing those in authority. So her secret had to be kept, both from Anna who was baldly practical, and from the girls who were baldly frivolous; and, to this end, she signed herself Vergissmeinnicht. Thus it would happen, sometimes, that the person who, as Vergissmeinnicht, was engrossing girls surreptitiously in class, was also claiming their attention publicly as their teacher.

When her first tale had been running for some weeks, Olga was one morning thrown into wild excitement by the receipt of a letter from the Bayard of her literary worship. The manner was florid and the matter pinchbeck, but she was far too flattered to be critical. The writer, it appeared, had been so attracted to the young and beautiful soul which clothed the grim skeleton of life in its own rainbow hues, that he had felt impelled to declare his sympathy. After the inevitable "*Du bist wie eine Blume*," he closed with a request for a photograph, which was to be his most treasured possession, and an earnest of the joy which would be his, should Fate consummate his hopes and bring him one day face to face with the original.

Olga drafted a brief and dignified reply, but she was expansive by

nature, and reflected that between hearts so plainly akin it was foolish to raise conventional barriers; so, as finally posted, her letter ran to some dozen pages. There was no photograph sent with it, though. She could have spared one which was an excellent likeness, but, after gazing and doubting, she decided against it. The head was sleek and comely, yet, somehow, not of the type on which poets yearn to lay their hands in prayer that God may guard it ever "pure and fair and lovely." The fact was that, as a presentment of Vergissmeinnicht, the portrait was an anachronism. To soften the refusal she made a counter request, but this Bayard somehow overlooked; so that while soul grew in knowledge of soul, imagination had to supply the bodies.

Things were at this easy and non-committal stage, when fortune rather spitefully furnished Bayard with a rival. One night when Anna had taken the girls to the theatre, the cook came to Olga for permission to go out. "May I, when my work is done, go to the help of that poor Hans?" she asked, blushing curiously for a middle-aged woman. "You remember Hans Heilingen, Fräulein, who was the gardener of Herr von Holzheim. He is now the valet of the young master, and has returned with him to occupy the old house. He does not wait long, the forward fellow, to let the whole world know. I would have shut the door in his impudent face, as I have often done, when it was handsomer to look at than it is now, but it seems the shiftless creature is in trouble; for the woman that was engaged to clean the place, and do the general work, has finished the bottle of *Branntwein* that was opened for the master's *Mittagsessen*, and now lies like a log, when it is time to prepare the supper. Hans, who, for all his talk, was always

without resources, is at his wits' end."

"So they have come back again!" Olga exclaimed. "I noticed the house was being opened, but never dreamt it was for the von Holzheims."

"There is only the young gentleman. The old master is dead."

"Poor old man! I wonder if the son is as silly as ever," Olga mused.

"Fräulein means, will he still send her poetry? If so, I am still discreet. But, *ach!* Fräulein has forgotten the years," and Gretchen's round face suddenly lengthened. "The Herr von Holzheim is no longer young. I saw him as he got out of the *Droschke*. He is, *Du lieber Gott*, how changed!"—and the sweep of her arm indicated proportions rarely achieved by youth. "Hans assures me that I have not aged by one day, but Fräulein, have we not our mirrors?" and Gretchen sighed.

Olga did not echo the sigh. Her little toilet-glass still told her quite a pleasant tale, and she did not possess a large one. "Well, this Hans seems to be constant, at any rate," she laughed. "You mustn't fail the poor fellow in his need. Run over at once, and see what you can do for him."

Gretchen came up later to give the news; but the man figured so much more prominently than the master in her account, that Olga's case was no longer that of the heroine with her humble *confidante*. She was now the *confidante* of the humble heroine. So she was less surprised than Anna, when the once trustworthy Gretchen became casual about sauces and seasoning.

Olga had always made use of the balcony. Even when life had been most prosaic, she had felt that, to dream there, especially in moonlight, was to await and invite romance;

and since she became *Vergissmeinnicht* hardly a night had passed, but she had stolen out for a few minutes at least, just to detach her mood from the asphyxiating common-sense of the official atmosphere indoors. She could honestly tell herself, therefore, that her habit of moonlit reverie had been formed long before there was a poet sighing in the next garden, though she could not as honestly have denied that the habit had developed new fascinations since then. No matter at what hour she stepped out, her head becomingly draped in a fluffy white shawl, Herr von Holzheim was strolling under the sycamores and gazing in her direction. The weather, of course, was perfect at the time, and she may have had no more to do with the poet's enjoyment of nature than he had with hers, but she was subtly convinced to the contrary. She *knew* that if she had appeared in a waterproof during a thunderstorm, she would have found him at his post in a mackintosh.

Perplexed between her Bayard and her Romeo Olga grew pensive and distraught. Her heart was impaled on a delicate dilemma; for, supposing the intentions of both to be honourable and their purpose marriage, it did not seem quite the right thing that she should be encouraging one from the balcony, and the other through the post. And yet, until one at least had declared himself, would it not be quixotic to let either go?

She decided to let matters drift, her scruples affecting her only to the point of keeping her indoors on the evenings when she wrote to Bayard, and of making her letters less expansive than usual when she had particularly enjoyed the moon. Matters indeed might be drifting to this day, had not the poet taken a bold step.

To show what an obvious one it

was, the position of the balcony must be explained. It abutted from the side of the house on the top of the one-storied kitchen, and faced a similar abutment from the von Holzheim villa. The von Holzheim bit of flat roof had not been utilised, however. It was not balustraded round, and the window was narrow and high in the wall. Visions of what might have been, had the poet, also, had his balcony, had sometimes floated before Olga. As it was, there was nothing to prevent him from climbing through his window; but it was difficult to imagine a picturesque interview without the balustrade. The distance between them would only have been some three yards and it would have been trying for Romeo to deliver himself at such close range, as from a platform; while to have hoisted out a chair and deliberately seated himself would hardly have been in character.

The night of the poet's first advance was balmy and inviting, yet he was not among his sycamores. Olga was hurt; she felt him guilty of a breach of compact. Her security in his devotion was shaken, and she was turning away to revenge herself by writing to Bayard, when her eye was caught by a figure in the gable window. It was leaning over; it was clambering out. Needless to say, she fled.

"*Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*" she gasped, sinking into a chair, after she had pulled the curtains. "But this is terrible! To be persecuted in my own house! It is a matter for the police. He is a bold, bad man—I know it!" And darting up again, she slipped her hand behind the curtains, and locked the window, to entrench her position. "He has lived so long abroad, that he may be no better than a foreigner. But such manners won't do here. *Ach!* how

much less embarrassing if he would call!"

Olga's conduct was hardly good enough for *Vergissmeinnicht* (it would have damned one of *Vergissmeinnicht's* heroines) but from an imaginative lady in real life, it was just what was to be expected. Nine such ladies out of every ten, asked to step on to the stage of their fancy, would have done precisely as she did, and the tenth—something very like it.

Having fled, Olga grew more courageous; and this, also, is frequent in real life. "He is a poet," she mused. "It was a romantic opportunity and I dare say he meant no harm. But I had to show him, of course, that I was not that sort of person, and that the proper way to approach me is to call."

Next morning, however, it was plain that the poet still misconceived her character; for a little army of workmen was in possession of his kitchen roof. "He'll be going to make a balcony like ours," Anna remarked. "There should have been one there from the first."

"I shall have to change my study," Olga sighed.

"*In Gottes Namen*, why?"

"Because—because of the noise."

"You don't suppose they'll work after dark. Talk sense, dear Olga, I pray you."

During the mid-day recess Patricia Warren stepped out to look at the alterations. Olga had been hovering near, careful not to show herself, but when she heard Patricia laughing she plucked up courage to join her.

"Oh, I say, *Fräulein Olga*, what a lark if—"

She stopped, for a portly gentleman in velveteen had come through the breach in the wall, and was bowing theatrically. "*Guten Tag, meine Damen,*" he said, advancing. "I fear

the noise inseparable from such an operation must disturb you."

"It does, rather," Patricia answered pleasantly. "But, of course, we can't prevent your doing what you like with your own house."

"Oh, no! On the contrary," murmured Olga, striving for conventional calm. "We quite understand the temptation . . . the advisability, I mean."

She glanced up, to find the poet's pale blue eyes fixed on her intent with meaning. "You are right, Fräulein. The temptation was irresistible. What is life without romance? And the components of romance—how could they be better summed up than—Love—a moon—a balcony?"

"Why not two balconies?" laughed Patricia. "The possibilities would be ever so much greater. I was just saying so to Fräulein Olga when you came out."

"I have observed that you burn the midnight oil, Fräulein," the poet continued, ignoring Patricia, whose Anglo-German was rather beyond him. "It is a wearing habit—not visibly so in your case—but the compensations are rich. I indulge in it myself. What eager brain, what yearning soul, does not? You are a student? Perhaps a creator? Did you retort by similar questions, I must plead guilty. You commune with Nature; so do I."

"Wouldn't it be jollier to commune with one another?" giggled Patricia, the irrepressible. "You could easily do it, you know, with only a yard or two between you. Or, I say," and she clapped her hands, "if you laid that ladder across! Now there's an idea for an elopement! It's all right, Fräulein, he doesn't understand; and I promise not to give the girls the tip; but the idea, you know, is simply splendid."

This time the poet had managed to catch her drift. "I have already utilised it for that purpose," he remarked gravely.

Patricia looked him over. "You have!" she almost shrieked in her delight. "Well, after that! *You!*"

"In imagination, I mean."

"You've rehearsed the scene in advance! Oh, but you are really enchanting! All right, Fräulein, I'll come."

On her way in she cried back, laughing, "It's lucky for you I promised not to tell the girls. You'd have had to bolt with the lot!" Then she caught up Olga, who was too blushing absorbed with what had passed, to scold her as she deserved.

They found the others already at *Mittagessen* and all agog over a burglary committed in the Taubenstrasse the night before. Anna was trying to calm the boarders by promising to go the round of the house personally, after everybody was in bed, and to bolt and lock the gates and entrance doors with her own hand.

"You'd better see to the French window, too," Patricia giggled; "for if that gallant Lovelace, our neighbour, had a taste for other people's silver spoons, he could snap his fingers at your gates and doors. He has only to lay a ladder across on to the balcony, and walk in."

Anna had learned that, when Patricia joined in a conversation, it was wise to turn it with all speed. "Lovelace is one of your poets, is he not?"

"Oh, no! He is one of yours—judging by his imagination, which is glorious."

Anna looked puzzled, and, fearing to advance, struck off at another tangent.

Olga never really settled to her work till the household was a-bed,

and that night she waited till Anna had gone her rounds before she took out her manuscript. But, even then, her ideas did not flow. She had shut up her heroine, with the usual bread-and-water persuasives to the usual abhorred union with the prig of a stern father's choice, and now was powerless to release her. The poor girl herself would have been delighted, no doubt, with a rope-ladder, however frayed by her predecessors' feet, but Olga was proud of her plot (it was the first she had ventured on alone) and wished to have all her properties new.

But she racked her brain to no purpose. It was in thrall to Bayard and Romeo. Between these two her thoughts swayed in a wild see-saw. She took Bayard's last letter from the bundle which had almost outgrown its pink ribbon, and sighed over the tender quotations, the emotion so subtly suggested.

But Herr von Holzheim was real, he was near. True, daylight had not declared him quite a Romeo, but it had effectually demolished the hypothesis of the "bold, bad man." If he had sunk from the levels of high romance—well, personally, she found such altitudes daunting. There was much to be said for a solid, middle-aged lover, who would not expect her to be flower-like, or yearn to pray with his hands on her young head. She began the letter which was to make her Bayard's sister and friend; then she paused. It was wise to be off with the old love before one was on with the new, but wiser to be sure of the new love before one was off with the old. "If I could only marry them both!" she groaned, though with no serious impulse towards bigamy.

Still undecided, she returned to her heroine. And at last, hopeless of delivering her unaided, took up

WEDDING BELLS, to seek assistance from Bayard. She had not read that week's issue, which contained the *dénouement* of one of his most thrilling tales. The villain was a Roman desperado, and, by him, the hero's bride had been entrapped and carried off to a villa surrounded by unscaleable walls. But the villa had a balcony. The house in the next garden had one also. On this the hero appeared with a ladder. The ladder became a bridge which bore him to the rescue of his beloved, and the deadly undoing of his foe.

Olga dropped the magazine. She was startled by the coincidence. Then the truth rushed upon her, and her brain reeled. He had utilised the balcony in imagination—not rehearsing a scene, but constructing one. Now she understood; at least her wits were whirling towards that point. The porcelain stove rocked before her, and, in front of it, rocked two figures—Bayard the intense, and the portly, elderly poet. Now they were two, now one.

She might have sat so till morning, had not a sound from below been nibbling its way into her consciousness. Her ear was troubled; the trouble spread. She listened vaguely, then keenly. She was not mistaken. From the kitchen underneath, came a dull murmur of voices; the household had been long in bed. She was horribly alone. Her nerves were already shaken, and this shattered them. Controlling her impulse to scream, she crept to the door, but recoiled from the dark terror of the landing. Then panic leapt upon her. She made a rush for the balcony, and the strangled scream found voice. "Herr von Holzheim! Herr von Holzheim! Quick, for God's sake. Thieves! Thieves! We shall be murdered!"

Herr von Holzheim appeared at



the breach in his wall. He was elaborately swathed in a dressing-gown of some oriental stuff, and might have stepped out of the ARABIAN NIGHTS, summoned by a talisman. "You have called me, Fräulein! You are in distress?"

"There are burglars in the house. Come quick! Oh, come! They are already murdering us."

"But certainly, Fräulein—yes, certainly. I will dress with all despatch, and at once hasten for the police."

"*Gott in Himmel!* We can't wait for the police. You must save us at once—this moment. You've the ladder there. Push it over. I will catch and steady it. *Ach, quick! Mein Gott! Mein Gott!*"

"But Fräulein—in this attire!"

Olga wrung her hands. She was beside herself with terror. Then instinct drove her to the uttermost appeal. "Bayard, save me. Save your Vergissmeinnicht. Her life is in your hands."

The sudden revelation did its work. It galvanised the poor poet with a spasm of courage. He, even as Olga, had been hesitating between the real and the ideal; the wistful loveliness of Vergissmeinnicht, and the solid attractions of his Juliet. With him, too, the real had dipped the scale. Like Olga, he had the letter drafted which was to establish fraternal relations with the ideal. And there stood the two in one, calling to him in her extremity. There was more than his manhood at stake,—that, he could have foregone, perhaps—there was his manhood's crown, his nimbus of romance.

"I am unarmed," he said. "To be accurate, I am even undressed. But Vergissmeinnicht has summoned me. I come." He picked up a mason's hammer, got the ladder into position, and, audibly commending his soul to heaven, achieved the crossing in safety.

Olga clung to him for one wild moment, and then drew him stealthily across the room to the dark landing. "The voices came from the kitchen," she whispered.

They listened intently, but only heard the chattering of one another's teeth. Bayard felt weak about the knees. He would have described his heart as beating its own funeral march, had that organ belonged to one of his heroes. "Go on," he said unsteadily. "I will follow you to the death. Vergissmeinnicht may rely on her Bayard."

"Yes, yes. Of course she does. The kitchen is down there, to the right."

"Am I the only man in the house?"

"The only one besides the burglars."

"Where does your sister sleep? She has the appearance of a courageous woman."

"On the flat above. Hush! Go softly that you may take them un-awares. *Herr Jesu!* They are upon us!" she screamed, as a low muttering reached them distinctly through the dark; and, giving Bayard a frantic push forward, she darted back into the room, where, having locked the door, she rushed up and down, sobbing out prayers for his safety, or stopping her ears with her fingers, that she might not hear his dying yell.

When the poet found escape cut off, he stood rigid in the last paralysis of fear. The darkness swayed before him like a thousand descending bludgeons. Then he swayed himself, and came in contact with the narrow hall table. It was a covering surface, and he had just wits left to huddle his bulk underneath it, when a stealthy foot came towards him from above, pausing, for an anxious interval, on each step. It was coming nearer. He managed to squeeze in still further. It was passing. It had

found him! With a dizzy surge of the brain, he fell into a swooning void.

Anna was not only a courageous woman in appearance; she was one in fact. "*Hilf! Hilf!*" A light, quick!" she shouted, as she fell upon poor Bayard's outlying portions, with iron fists.

There was a glimmer of candles from the bedroom flat, and the sound of frightened whispering. From below, Gretchen cried, "The *Fräulein* Anna has caught him. Run then; run to her aid! Do you hear me, you block-head, you coward! They are murdering her like a pig." And she ran up the stairs herself, dragging the reluctant Hans after her.

"Where are they, *Fräulein*!" she panted.

"Here. Under the table. Hold his legs."

Gretchen obeyed with a hand more muscular than her mistress's; and Anna, raising herself for breath, knocked against Hans, who was shuffling about behind her.

"Another of them!" she cried, and rushed at him with such effect that he bolted, stumbling down-stairs again. "Will no one bring a light?" she shouted desperately.

Patricia was one of those sleepers for whom the trump of doom will have to sound twice; but, when roused at last, she was on the spot in a twinkling.

Scattering the terrified girls, she ran down with her candle and the strap of her trunk, crying as she ran, "Hold on! I'll pin him! That'll settle him," she remarked tranquilly, when she had bound the unresisting legs together, with a vigour that almost cut them in two. "Now we'll draw him out, and ask him for his letter of introduction."

The poor poet was lying face down. She heaved him round on to his back.

"*Herr von Holzheim!*" Even Patricia was dismayed, but the next moment she burst out laughing.

"So he *has* fancied our silver spoons. It isn't so funny as the elopement, but it'll do."

When he heard his master's name, Hans's instinct of fidelity conquered his fears, and he came running upstairs in a terrible taking, and flung himself beside the prostrate form.

"*Du lieber Gott!* He is dead. You have killed him. The poor gentleman's heart is weak!"

"We'd better have off the strap then," said Patricia; and while Anna hurried away for brandy, she helped Hans to chafe the felon back to consciousness.

The brandy was just beginning to do its work, when Olga, having judged from the conversational tone outside, that the crisis was over, ventured from her haven, and joined the group on the floor. "*Ach!* Woe is me! He is wounded," she wailed over her fallen hero. "Bayard, speak to me—to your *Vergissmeinnicht*."

This was the last straw for Anna. "Will somebody tell me if I am mad?" she said grimly. "Am I the directress of a Bedlam, or am I not? Hans Heilingen, you are in the service of this gentleman. How comes he to be in my house?" Hans shook his head. His bewilderment seemed genuine.

"Well then, explain your own presence. You will be able to do that at least."

But she was over-estimating his powers. Backing towards Gretchen, he mumbled, "You'd better ask her."

Gretchen pushed him angrily away. "*Ach*, you great blockhead!"

"Well, Gretchen, I'm waiting," said Anna.

"He's been at me to marry him, *Fräulein*. And as the gate was

locked to-night, the impudent fellow climbed the wall. I had to let him in, to rate him. He had threatened to lie on the door-step, and make a scandal."

"I see. I will have something to say to you to-morrow. Meanwhile, go to your bed. And you, Hans Heilingen, go back the way you came."

Then she called up sternly to the fluttering nightdresses, ordering them to disperse. "See that they do it, Patricia." And Patricia who, if irrepressible, was thorough-bred in essentials, took the hint, and routed the eavesdroppers.

The coast was now clear for an explanation between the sisters. "Stop that fooling, Olga, and get up."

Olga feared the tone, but she rose defiantly. "I don't know what you mean, Anna. You should be on your knees to this brave man who has risked his life to save yours. I summoned him in our need, and he came."

"What need?"

"*Gott in Himmel!* Don't you know! The burglars! He attacked them. When I heard them talking in the kitchen, I ran to him in my terror, and he came across by the ladder. Oh, it was well done! It was noble! I, at least, am grateful, and will reward him."

"Olga Blumenthal! That you should be my sister! Hans Heilingen was your burglar, and that unfortunate man, there, was his. Perhaps you'll go to your bed now, and behave like a decent woman."

"But I can't leave him like this," Olga sobbed. "He is wounded. He is seriously injured, Anna."

"Hans!" Anna called down-stairs. Hans appeared in the kitchen doorway.

"As I thought! The whole house

is, of course, at the key-hole. Come and carry your master home, Hans. If you've no sense, you've at least got legs and arms."

As Hans approached, Herr von Holzheim raised himself into a sitting posture, and looked from one to another with bewildered, questioning eyes. "Ah, now I recollect," he groaned. "I was overpowered. But they fled! I struggled till numbers triumphed."

Anna smiled indulgently, and thanked him for his good intentions. She felt that, with so many blows upon his body, her victim's vanity might be spared. So the battered knight tottered off on the arm of his squire, and his lady-love received a curtain lecture from a sister stern enough, just then, to fill admirably the part of the tyrannical parent.

Anna departed from tradition, however, in not resorting to bread and water. On the contrary, she let the idyll run its course, only manipulating it so far as to circumvent a quite unnecessary elopement, and to substitute for it a wedding on orthodox lines.

As for Olga, some will consider it a further proof of her folly, some, perhaps, a tardy wisdom, that her eyes have not shed a single scale, and that, both as poet and *preux chevalier*, her husband increases in stature to her daily. The only shadow on her wedded life is the fear that his valour may impel him to deeds too daring for a married man. She trembles at rumours of war, lest he should volunteer for the front.

Gretchen has no such misgivings about either master or man. Indeed, life would be easier for Hans, whom she now bullies in the capacity of wife, if she, also, allowed herself illusions.

MARGARET ARMOUR.

## THE REINCARNATION OF JOHN LAW.

THE American "Trust," which has excited the deepest interest of economists, politicians and sociologists the world over, is popularly supposed to be the ill-begotten child of the protective tariff. A great American manufacturer testifying before a government commission of investigation a few years ago, epigrammatically declared that "the tariff was the Mother of Trusts." The characterisation was so terse, and to the popular mind so true, that, like all catch phrases, it was accepted as a statement of fact. Even the persons who are not blinded by phrases have looked upon the trust as a politico-economic development made possible by the political and economic conditions in the United States, the tariff being one of the main causes. The defenders of the trust, who do not believe that it owes its existence to the tariff, explain that it is simply a natural sequence of the modern tendency to centralise. Now both these theories are true, but only partly true. The trust would be less successful if it were not for the protective tariff. It is undoubtedly correct that the tendency of industrialism is to become consolidated. A conspicuous illustration of this development is "Stores," which take the place of fifty small shops. But despite these admissions there is still another and more important reason to be given for the existence of the trust. That reason is the stock-exchange.

The reason for the existence of the trust (and the word is used simply for convenience and generically) is to make money for its promoters. Primarily the trust is neither eco-

nomic nor industrial. But it is financial. It affords opportunities for huge profits on an investment comparatively small (when the return is considered) with a minimum of risk. At no time in the history of the world and by no other methods have such enormous fortunes been so quickly made as by promoting and financing trusts. The economic and industrial advantages and results of the trust are to the financier merely by-products. His chief product is to make profits for himself. Everything else is incidental. Conditions in the United States during the last few years have been peculiarly favourable for carrying on this lucrative industry. Its lucrativeness explains why the great bankers now devote nearly all their time and talents to promoting trusts.

The motive controlling the trust-promoter is as old as the everlasting hills. The world, or a certain portion of it, has always tried to make something out of nothing. In the old days men toiled over a retort endeavouring to transmute the baser metals into gold and hoped to find Golconda at the bottom of their crucibles. To-day men, without so much trouble, put the printing-presses to work and transmute worthless paper into stocks and shares and bonds of the value of gold. The modern financier is simply the antitype of the ancient alchemist. The modern financier is more refined, more scientific, more polished, more successful than his prototype, which is the difference between the twelfth and the twentieth centuries, but their methods are much the same and both worked to obtain

the same results—to make something out of nothing.

The ostensible purpose of the trust is to cheapen the cost of production, which is supposed to be for the benefit of the consumer. Cost can be cheapened by the elimination of unnecessary expense — by reducing superintendence and supervision, by destroying competition, by abolishing many charges that are inseparable from competitive industry; by manufacturing and marketing on the largest scale, by saving the profits that under disintegrated processes of manufacture accrue to the middleman, or to anyone who is a factor in the process of manufacture, who furnishes any of the raw material, or who has some connection with it in its journey from raw material into the finished product in the hands of the consumer. Theoretically the principle is sound. It is the bait used by the trust-promoter to entice the public.

No man can afford to proclaim openly that his chief purpose in organising a trust is to make a fortune by *floating* its securities; he would defeat his own purpose. He must have a plausible reason, and this may be found in the cunningly devised statements of his prospectus, the calculations of his actuaries, the glittering array of figures, the hope of large profits. Founded on a principle which in part though not in its entirety is theoretically sound, this hope appeals strongly to cupidity, and his victims are dazzled by the gleam of gold, exactly as the alchemist by long vigils over his alembic deluded himself into believing that in the mystic vapours were to be found the magic words that should wrest Nature's secret from her.

The method of the trust-promoter is simplicity itself. Take fifty factories scattered all over the United States engaged in the manufacture of

any article of domestic use, clothespins let us say. The productive capacity of these factories varies; some of them are large, some small; some are equipped with the latest and most improved machinery and some have an antiquated plant; some are making money and are free from debt, while others are barely meeting expenses and are practically insolvent. But it is necessary to bring them, or the great majority of them, into the consolidation. The trust-promoter secures options on the plants, in some cases paying a forfeit to obtain the option, in others having the right, without the deposit of a forfeit, to exercise the option within a given period. Having secured the options the trust-promoter evolves the plan on which the trust is to be financed, substantially as follows: The plants are taken over at a valuation to be paid for in bonds or cash. The bonds represent the real cost of the property, that is the actual value of real estate and buildings. But the owner of a plant is not content to sell his property to the new corporation for the value of his real estate. He demands in addition a heavy bonus for good will, for trade-marks or patents if he has them, and for his consent to merge his property with that of others in the new corporation. How great the bonus that will be given to him shall be depends entirely upon the circumstances. If his plant is of sufficient importance to make the public believe that competition has been destroyed—and that is a valuable asset (in the prospectus)—or if for any other reason he is in a position to make a stiff demand and has the nerve to stand by it, he can get, on paper, anywhere from three to four or five times what his property is really worth. This bonus is paid him in preferred or common shares, usually both. As a matter of fact

in actual practice the average manufacturer who merges his plant in a trust gets from three to five times what he would be willing to take in selling for cash to an outsider. That is to say, if his plant at a liberal estimate is worth 150,000 dollars he puts it into the combination on a basis of 500,000 dollars, for which he receives 100,000 dollars in bonds, 200,000 dollars in preferred stock and 200,000 dollars in common stock.

The promoter is now ready to finance the scheme. He has under-written the bonds so that those manufacturers who do not care to take the bonds but want the cash are assured of receiving it, and the securities of the Clothes-Pin Trust are generously offered to the public. The capital of the new trust is 35,000,000 dollars, 5,000,000 dollars in bonds, 15,000,000 dollars in preferred stock, and 15,000,000 dollars in common stock. The real assets of the trust are represented by the bond issue, the balance is fictitious—*water*, in the language of Wall Street, inflation, in every day language.

For underwriting or organising, the promoter, who is always a great banker, receives a generous commission, sometimes paid in money, but more generally paid in the securities of the corporation. Application is at once made to the stock-exchange to list these securities so that they can be conveniently disposed of. The sole purpose of the promoter up to this time has been to get as much of the securities of the corporation for his fee for services surrendered as he can; his sole purpose from this time on is to dispose of these securities as quickly as possible and for the highest possible price. His success depends entirely on the temper and means of the public to buy and on his own standing. If his firm stands well in the estimation of the public and if

the people have more money than they know what to do with, it is as easy for the great banker to dispose of his securities as it is for the experienced fisherman in a well stocked stream to catch fish. Up to the present time the supply of money in the United States seeking investment has been practically limitless. Millions upon millions of securities have been put out and taken up by the public.

The prize for which the promoter plays would have dazzled the alchemist, whose ideas of wealth were modest compared with the modern standard. Taking this typical 35,000,000 dollars Clothes-Pin Trust the banker's balance sheet would be something like this: He and his associates would have pledged themselves to furnish the capital for the bond issue and would have subscribed in actual cash perhaps twenty per cent., that is, 1,000,000 dollars. That would have been all the money they actually invested. For this sum they would be paid, first the million dollars from the sale of the bonds and stock having a *par* value of from 5,000,000 dollars to 7,000,000 dollars. Nominally they stood to lose 5,000,000 dollars in case the bonds had not been disposed of, although it was almost a certainty that they would lose nothing as they had the machinery to sell the bonds. For this risk they make from 3,500,000 dollars to 4,900,000 dollars, the stock being sold at an average price of seventy per cent. As the tide has been running for the last two years they can sell this stock in a few months. It is really not a bad trade this of trust-promoting. Can anyone find anything much more profitable, or more easy, or more simple?

To avoid the charge that my illustration is exaggerated I present a few facts to prove that I have been ex-



tremely moderate in my statement of the balance-sheet of the imaginary Clothes-Pin Trust. In his sworn testimony before the United States Industrial Commission, Mr. Wm. H. Moore, the organiser of several large trusts, said, "Everybody knows what they are getting when they get common stock; they know that they are not getting anything that represents assets." Mr. Moore organised the American Tin Plate Company with a capital of 46,000,000 dollars, of which 18,000,000 dollars was preferred stock and 28,000,000 dollars common stock. For his services as organiser he received 10,000,000 dollars in common stock, stock which, he remarked, did not represent assets, but which, nevertheless, representing nothing, had to be palmed off on the confiding and ignorant public, as the only way by which Mr. Moore could make his stock worth anything to him was by selling it.

Mr. Wm. Griffith, a manufacturer of tin plate, who sold his plant to Mr. Moore's trust, testifying before the same commission, gave it as his opinion, as an expert and a practical man, that the value of the plants, including good will, property of every kind and everything in the mills pertaining to the manufacture of tin plate, was about 12,000,000 dollars, and to purchase this 12,000,000 dollars worth of property, it will be remembered, Mr. Moore had issued 46,000,000 dollars in stock. Since then the American Tin Plate Company has been merged in the Billion Dollar Steel Trust with a still further inflation of the nominal capital.

John H. Parks brought suit against John W. Gates to render an account of the profits made by him in the amalgamation of all the wire manufacturing in the United States. Mr. Parks claimed that 26,000,000 dollars of the total capitalisation of

90,000,000 dollars had disappeared and that Mr. Gates' profits were 15,000,000 dollars. Mr. Gates denied all knowledge of the 26,000,000 dollars, but his testimony was interesting as showing the profits made by promoters. He first formed a corporation in Illinois and owned one quarter of the stock, with a nominal value of one million dollars. Then he formed a larger corporation in New Jersey, and for his stock in the Illinois corporation received 3,500,000 dollars in stock of the new corporation. Then still another and larger corporation was formed, and by pooling and manipulating Mr. Gates's stock became worth 5,000,000 dollars. How much more he made no one knows. Mr. Gates's corporation, like that of Mr. Moore, is now one of the constituent companies of the Steel Trust, and the usual method has been followed of increasing the already heavily watered capital.

The commission paid to the banking house of J. P. Morgan and Co., for financing the Billion Dollar Steel Trust, as officially stated by that corporation was, after deducting all advances and expenses, about 60,000,000 dollars. Morgan and Co. formed an underwriting syndicate which agreed to furnish 200,000,000 dollars to finance the scheme; but, as a matter of fact, the syndicate was only called upon to the extent of 25,000,000 dollars. The expenses of the syndicate, in addition, are stated to have been about 3,000,000 dollars. In payment the syndicate was given 649,987 shares of preferred stock and 649,988 shares of common stock, which, if sold at the average market price then prevailing, secured for the syndicate, after returning the 25,000,000 dollars cash advanced and deducting 3,000,000 dollars for expenses, about 60,000,000 dollars, or over two hundred per cent. on the original investment.

The transaction was concluded in rather less than nine months. For converting 200,000,000 dollars of the preferred stock of the same corporation into 250,000,000 dollars of bonds, according to the official statement issued by the Steel Trust, Morgan and Co. were paid 10,000,000 dollars.

A friend of mine, a member of Congress of high standing and a lawyer who has had much to do with trust organisations, vouches for the accuracy of the following statement. A factory was built costing 150,000 dollars. Before it had turned out a dollar's worth of product it was bought by a trust for 750,000 dollars cash. The property was then turned into another trust and resold for 1,500,000 dollars in securities.

Now these illustrations, which might be multiplied indefinitely, show that the prime motive of the trust-promoter or organiser is not economic or industrial but is purely selfish. His real interest is to make money for himself. He assumes far less risk and stands almost certain to make far greater profits than he can in any other way known to financiers. To put capital into a mine, to build a fleet of steamships, to develop an unknown country, to manufacture a staple of any kind, in short, to engage in any legitimate and recognised branch of commerce always involves risk, the risk having almost a geometrical relation to the profits, with the certainty that a long period must elapse before capital can be made productive. In financing trusts the risk is reduced to a minimum, the profits are enormous, and the period during which the capital remains idle is as brief as the profits are large.

To justify the trust, to make the trust attractive to the public, and induce it to buy shares which, according to Mr. Moore, represent no assets,

because, unless it bought these pieces of worthless paper, there would be no profit in the operation for the organisers, the public has to be made to believe that the twentieth century trust-promoters have made a discovery in economics. This the public, which has gone speculatively mad because it is over-burdened with money, actually believes. As a matter of fact what the trust-promoters have done is to go back more than two centuries and simply follow the methods of the most brilliant and most audacious financier and promoter of his day. John Law, of Lauriston, has been reincarnated. The genius of John Law originated the colossal and at the same time beautifully simple scheme of making credit the basis of everything. Neither money nor commodities could have any fixed standard, but credit, he conceived, could be made superior to all else, and the State might with perfect safety capitalise future profits and make them the basis for a paper currency. It was such a fascinating suggestion and had such enormous possibilities that it caught the popular fancy and succeeded as well as John Law's successors have succeeded. The public of that day like the public of this had money to invest and was bitten by the speculative fever. And it lasted until it collapsed because it was an attempt to defy a natural law. Does the parallel of John Law of 1716 and the John Laws of 1902 end here?

When you buy property for 12,000,000 dollars and sell it to the public for 50,000,000 dollars you must be able to show, on paper at least, that the property will be able to pay from six to twelve per cent. on the investment. In the old days, not in the days of John Law but in the days of, let us say, twenty-five years ago, the value of a property was

based on tangible assets, its earnings for a series of years, its good will, and the skill and character of its managers. These items constituted *value* and afforded a basis of capitalisation, an ample allowance always being made for depreciation of plant and contingencies. We have changed all that. We no longer capitalise tangible property or average past earnings. We have adopted John Law's scheme and capitalise credit and the earnings of the future. That of itself would be bad enough and unsound enough, but we go still further. We capitalise abnormal profits due to extraordinary conditions, and on that basis ask the public to buy our stocks promising that abnormal earnings will always continue.

The only way by which it can be assumed that a trust possessed of assets—physical property, good will, &c.—worth 12,000,000 dollars will pay a return on a capital of 50,000,000 dollars, is to assume that the price of that trust's product selling in the market at a higher price than has ever before been known is the minimum price; that the price will either remain stable at that minimum price or that the price will still further advance. The fictitious capitalisation does not admit of any decrease in price. A fall in price or a curtailment of the output destroys the earning power of the trust and would mean insolvency because of the inability of the trust to pay its dividends.

It must be apparent that the theory on which the trust is formed is either fallacious, or else that all the theories of economics in which the world has placed implicit faith since economics became a science are founded on false principles. It is an elementary proposition that capital always seeks the highest return consistent with security, and that whenever capital pays abnormal profits direct encour-

agement is offered to other capital to invest in that business so as to share in profits so easily obtained. The capital already invested can meet that competition, and in a measure prevent it, by adopting one of two methods. It can reduce profits by reducing the price to the consumer, which may not, however, always effect the desired purpose, as the reduction of price may stimulate the demand. It can destroy competition by being able to manufacture at a less cost than competitors, and by selling at a lower price can defy competition and hold the market.

But the trust can do neither. It cannot reduce its earnings because it needs all of its earnings to pay dividends and fixed charges on its watered capital. The trust is like a piece of machinery keyed up to its highest capacity, which is only effective when working under full pressure. Reduce the speed and it is worthless. Nor can the trust, when it is forced to meet severe competition, hope to manufacture at a less cost than its rivals. It has been testified to that the property of the American Tin Plate Company, capitalised at 46,000,000 dollars, had a real value not to exceed 12,000,000 dollars. It must be obvious that should a new plant be established, costing a few millions, the owners of that plant would be able to compete with the trust successfully.

The reason why a small concern is able to compete with the great trust, and why the great trust becomes a weakness instead of strength after a certain point has been reached, can be very readily explained. Take a man owning a tin plate mill in which he has 100,000 dollars invested, who has sufficient working capital and whose business is prudently managed under his personal supervision so that it yields him a handsome profit. He watches his expenses very closely,

especially those small expenses which eat into profits unless prudence is exercised. There must be very good reason to justify him in engaging an additional clerk, or in adding to his fixed charges. But if this man's mill becomes part of a trust with a capital of millions, that close supervision is no longer observed. Because the trust is so big, because it has such an enormous capital, because it has so much money behind it, because it is doing business on such a gigantic scale, everything about and in connection with it must be on the same scale. Extra clerks here, extra expenses there; things are done with a lavish hand because the dignity of the trust must be kept up.

Recently the head of a great trust went on a tour of inspection of the company's property. He travelled with a retinue, and because his time was so valuable he had to travel in a special train. While this president was touring the country in his special train like a royal personage, we read in the newspapers of the banquets he gave at various places to local managers and prominent business men (no doubt with an eye to the future sale of stock), of the speeches he made, of his donations to the cause of charity and education, all of which was impressive and suggestive. It suggested that the unfortunate stockholders were paying for the special train and the banquets. The owner of a small plant would travel in a regular train like any other person and content himself at a hotel with a modest room. The president of a trust must have his special train and his suite of rooms, the very best in the hotel. It is not every president of a trust who travels in a special train, but the special train and the retinue are rather typical of the reincarnated spirit of John Law.

The promoters of the trust have asserted that one of the reasons why

the trust must succeed is that it effects such large economies. One compact management is much more economical than a dozen scattered executives, they say. Theoretically this is true, but the saving is nullified by the substitution of a remote president for the near proprietor, and by the inevitable increase of expenses and disregard of money that always follow when the individual control of personal capital becomes the control of other people's capital by a board. Already, and although the trusts have only been in existence a short time, and everything has been favourable to them, there has been noticed a constantly growing tendency to increase the "general expense" account. This has been the experience of nearly all the trusts. The other great claim made for the trust is that it can manufacture more cheaply than its competitors because in many cases it owns the supply of raw material, and in some cases the means of transport as well. Thus, the Clothes-Pin Trust would not only own the factories in which the clothes-pins are made but also the forests in which grow the trees that are cut up, the saw-mills which reduce the trees into wood fit for use by the factory, the vessels and barges which bring the wood from the forest to the factory, the wire-mill that makes the wire used in the clothes-pin, and so on down to the smallest subdivision of manufacturing process. By our methods, say the trust-promoters, we eliminate half a dozen profits. Instead of paying a profit to the owner of the forest we pay the profit to ourselves. Instead of paying a profit to the owner of the saw-mill the profit goes into our own treasury, and so on all down the line. This answer one would say is unanswerable. Here one would think no flaw can be found in the trust-promoter's reasoning.

A professor of economics in the University of Pennsylvania, whose name unfortunately escapes me at this time, has pointed out that this argument is only another trust fallacy. It is a perfectly sound argument so long as maximum prices prevail, but in time of stress it is another element of weakness, and the truth of every economic law is only demonstrated in time of stress, that is, on a falling market. John Law's shares commanded an enormous premium so long as the public was eager to buy them and could not be given away when the public wanted to sell them. The weakness of trust methods as pointed out by this professor is that industry to-day is integrated whereas it used to be disintegrated. That is to say, formerly in a falling market the loss spread itself over a wide area; to-day it is concentrated and borne by one corporation. Thus, in the case of the Clothes-Pin Trust a decline in the price of clothes-pins would fall on the trust and it would make no difference that it had eliminated the middleman's profit. Before the era of the trust a decline in the price of clothes-pins would be, in a measure, equalised by a decline in the price of raw material, a decline in freights, a decline in the cost of everything that went to make up the finished product. This professor sustains his assertion by the results of the examination of the books of a great iron manufacturing business to which he had been given confidential access. His examination covered several years, and although during that time there had been wide fluctuations in the price of the product manufactured by this firm the profits were not appreciably affected. The reason is that the price of the produce always bore a certain relation, that relation being almost fixed, to the price of the articles entering into it. When the finished product advanced,

raw material, freights, labour and everything else that was an item in the cost of production correspondingly advanced; when the finished product declined everything else correspondingly fell. The elimination of the middleman instead of being to the advantage of the trust is to its disadvantage whenever there is a falling market, and it cannot be too often repeated that the rock on which the trust will split is bad times.

To maintain their solvency, to be able to pay dividends on watered capital, the trusts must continue to make the enormous earnings which they are now making owing to the high prices of all staples and the unexampled prosperity of the United States. Even the slightest check on that prosperity, even a small decline in price or a lessening of the demand, which would very quickly lead to over production and still further break down the price (which in turn could only be corrected by a curtailment of production that would mean reducing the earning power of labour, and consequently its purchasing power), would wreck a great majority of trusts because they are working under the highest possible pressure and there is no reserve strength on which they can rely. They are like a ship riding taut on its anchor chain with no slack for "play." Every mariner knows what that means in case of a sudden storm.

Since this paper was written two newspapers of the highest standing have called attention to the dangers of the situation. The *New York Sun*, a paper that has always championed the trusts, in its financial article sounds this note of warning:

The fundamental trouble was organisation and capitalisation with Wall Street in mind rather than business prudence. Large provision for the profits of promoters; small provision for working

capital, surplus and necessary expenditure; hasty distribution of earnings upon common shares which represented water only, and distribution, sometimes, when there were no earnings at all—that has been the history of many, though by no means of all the consolidations of business concerns into so-called trusts within the last six years. Disaster from such causes is what may be styled initial and necessary failure. But notably since the 1st of January have all these great combinations in which there has been an attempt, even of more or less beneficent character, to suppress competition met with a resistance which can only be compared to the rising tide of the sea. Proof is at hand that in all these instances the abiding result of the process has been to increase competition rather than discourage it. Skilled men have been set free from old companies absorbed into the new consolidations, to start new companies of a similar sort upon a careful and substantial basis, and these men have had no difficulty in getting all the money they required for the purpose. The forces which have reduced the great Sugar Company's control of ninety per cent. of the country's

business a few years ago to fifty per cent. to-day, are powerfully at work in every industry in which large profits are made, and the larger the profits and the greater the prosperity of the country as a whole, the surer and more quickly these forces will accomplish their destined result.

The New York TRIBUNE, a paper noted for its carefully expressed opinions, but with capitalistic affiliations, criticises the policy of the Steel Trust in paying dividends on common stock and having to borrow money on bonds to pay for improvements, and says that the "cynical answer" to explain this policy is "that those who promote consolidations generally have on hand generous blocks of common stock, and that the common stock of any corporation can be marketed much more advantageously if it is a dividend payer than if it is not."

A. MAURICE LOW.



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